

# The Bow Valley Call

Devoted to the Up-Building of Gleichen and the Development of the District Generally

Year VI., No. 17

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1913

Per Year \$1.50

## The Gleichen TOWN COUNCIL

Only two motions were made and carried at the meeting of the Gleichen town council on Friday last, outside of adopting the previous minutes, and adjournment. One of these was the raising of the cemetery lots from \$2 to \$5, and the other, the passing of the accounts as supervised by the finance committee.

However, the meeting was not void of interest, and the rate payers made a mistake in not attending to hear the oratory of their servants, which our long-hand reporter failed to take in full.

The finances were discussed to some extent, and the secretary-treasurer informed the fathers that there was only sixteen cents on deposit at the bank, and expressed the opinion that little could be expected before the end of August as the rebate on all taxes was allowed until September 1st. Accordingly Alds. Leggatt and Service moved the passing of the following accounts:

F. C. Vigar, \$30.60; Perfection Supply Co., \$4.50; W. Stuart & Co., \$156.04; Alberta Transfer, \$6.60; H. M. Wemish, \$10.50; and Crown Lumber Co., \$41.55.

The cost of the up-keep of the cemetery being approached, it was shown that a great deal of work and expense was required in order to keep it in anything like a respectable condition—and all the councillors were in favor of improving its appearance. It was shown that the secretary was obliged to spend considerable time in looking after cemetery business, and some were in favor of making a charge of \$10 or \$15 a lot in order to have sufficient funds to improve the grounds, but it was finally decided, on motion of Alds. Service and Yates to raise the amount to only \$5.

A writer in the Calgary Albertan was quoted, advising that city to loan its sinking fund to municipalities, and the secretary was asked to write that city in this respect, with a view of borrowing \$10,000.

The application of F. H. Blackburne to connect with the city sewerage system was considered. As he had not applied for water, the secretary was advised to inform him that he could have the privilege of connecting with the sewerage, but as there was no charge for sewerage he would have to bear the cost, work to be done by a competent plumber.

The secretary was also instructed to write the Cosgrove Hardware Co. concerning water connections.

## THE QUEENSTOWN FARMERS PICNIC

(Supplied by the Union)

The fourth annual picnic of the Queenstown Local U.F.A. was held about half a mile east of the Cluny ferry on the Bow river on Friday last, there being present the largest assembly we have yet had.

The crowd began to gather between 9 and 10 o'clock that morning and every one enjoyed a most social time. After dinner President Macomber called order and in a brief address announced that Mr. Sorensen, who had been announced as the chief speaker of the day had failed to put in an appearance and that, therefore, the list of sports would be taken up, which resulted as follows:

## Exhibition, Thurs. and Fri. August 7 & 8

### Exhibition Race Program

The directors of the Gleichen District Agricultural Association are working hard to make the Sixth Annual Exhibition an even greater success than all previous, and it is hoped that they will succeed.

Already the premium lists have been issued and anyone who has not received a copy can obtain one on application to the secretary. The list is a liberal one and it is evident will be keenly contested. The entire list and rules have already appeared in the CALL and now the sports committee have provided good entertainment for each day. The list of events being as follows:

#### FIRST DAY—Thursday, August 7th

##### Matched Race

Open Local Trot or Pace, Half Mile, 3 Heats.....	50
2.45 Pace or 2.40 Trot, 1 Mile, 3 Heats.....	100
Half Mile Local Pony Race 14.2 and under.....	15
Five Eight Mile Dash Open.....	50
Half Mile Indian Race.....	10
One Mile Indian Race.....	10

#### SECOND DAY—Friday, August 8th

Free For All Trot or Pace, 1 Mile, 3 Heats.....	100
Half Mile Open for ponies 14.3 and under.....	35
Half Mile Indian Race.....	10
Half Mile Saddle Horse Race, Thoroughbreds barred, Wt. 150lbs..	35
Three Eight Mile Local Pony Race.....	15
Half Mile Ladies Race.....	20
One Mile Open.....	50
One Mile Indian Race.....	10

#### EVENING PERFORMANCE

Relay Race.....	20
Cowboy Race.....	20
Entry Fee 5 % of purse. 5 % deducted from winners.	
Every heat a race. Purses divided 65% and 35%. Five to enter three, to start. All entries to be in to Secretary by August 6th.	

## Two Days' Baseball Tournament

Manager Bogstie and the Gleichen Baseball Club executive have successfully arranged a two days' baseball tournament for Thursday and Friday, July 24th and 25th, on the Gleichen exhibition grounds.

The club is offering \$150.00 in prizes, to be divided in two purses—\$100 for first, and \$50 for second. The business people of Gleichen have come forward with donations that, at the present writing, assures the amount, although there still is considerable room for more subscribers to the list.

The executive have secured definite promises from Brooks, Cluny, Strathmore and Langdon to enter the tournament, and to make sure that the program will be carried out, have discarded the entry fees, but have asked the visiting teams to make a deposit of \$15 each, which amount will be refunded upon the arrival of the teams at Gleichen.

Two games will be played each day, one at 2 p.m. and the other at 6.30. Full particulars will be issued in posters, etc., today or tomorrow.

Boys race, G. Laughren and A. Laughren.

Girls race, Miss Glambeck and Sadie Laughren.

U. F. A. horse race, J. Maloney and D. H. Shaw.

Young women's race, Maggie Durston and Stella Francis.

Running high jump, C. Stumff.

Indian race. Won by an Indian.

Three legged race, Macomber.

Ladies horse race, Miss Brown and Miss Maloney.

Quarter mile pony race, J. Maloney.

Free for all horse race, Riley and Indian.

A baseball match between Cluny Major resulted 16 to 3 in Cluny's favor. About 4 o'clock the dance started and was well patronized till daybreak.

Miss Poelzer has opened a dress making establishment on Railroad street at the residence of Mrs. W.C. Johnson, Gleichen.

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Newspapers, like all other businesses, have their troubles, and the CALL had some Tuesday morning, when a whole page of our type "piled up"—that is, some 20,000 type piled up beautifully on the floor of our press room, and there were some 50 or 60 different varieties and sizes in the mix-up. Now, when such things happen in a print shop, the printers cannot find appropriate cuss words in the dictionary to suit the occasion, and all hold their breath. One or two local men who happened in attempted to express their ideas in words, but our types thought they were so amateurish that they refused to consider their adjectives, and all they ask is that our readers overlook the columns of news items that should have appeared in this issue.

For Sale—Bain running gear, practically new A.D. Batty, Gleichen

## Fast Base Ball Game Won by Strathmore

A very good game of base ball was witnessed on the local diamond last Wednesday evening, when the Gleichen team crossed bats with Strathmore. The rooters turned out several hundred strong, and enjoyed the game—although 'tis true the pleasure would have been considerably heightened had the home boys not been on the small end of the score.

It seemed during the early part of the game that they were in for a victory, as Wilson, on the mound, was in great form and was receiving gilt edged support. Nevertheless, when the game ended, Strathmore had 6 runs to 3 counted for Gleichen.

The home team led off strong. Wilson, first to bat, poled out a clean single to left field and stole second. J. McArthur was hit by the pitcher and was awarded first base. Bob McArthur fled out to center field, Wilson taking third on the play. Mutt Wade put an easy one down to short stop, who threw the ball away, scoring Wilson and leaving Wade and McArthur high and dry on second and third. Then Jeff Terrant's single to center scored both. The next two men were out, retiring the side.

Gleichen held the lead all the way up to the seventh inning, when the visitors got next to Wilson's teaser—the slow ball—and made their total count four scores. Then again in the ninth, two long hits and an error gave them two scores more.

In the meantime, the Gleichen team threatened home base continually, and several men reached third, but just at those critical times, the necessary hits failed to come.

Manager Bogstie umpired the game. The score:

Gleichen	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wilson p.....	4	1	3	0	5	0
J. McArthur 3b.....	4	1	2	2	3	2
B. McArthur c.....	5	0	1	8	0	4
Wade 1b.....	3	1	0	10	1	0
Terrant ss.....	4	0	2	4	2	0
Mace cf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Williams 2b.....	3	0	0	1	2	1
Demarest lf.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Molton rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
E. McArthur if.....	2	0	1	0	0	0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>34</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>7</b>

Strathmore	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Baxter 1b.....	4	1	1	11	1	0
Bried p.....	4	3	2	0	3	0
Veliant c.....	4	1	1	11	2	0
Chapman ss.....	5	1	2	0	0	1
B. Anderson cf.....	5	0	1	1	0	0
J. Anderson 3b.....	5	0	1	2	2	0
Cline lf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
R. Henry 2b.....	3	0	1	0	2	1
McMann rf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>38</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>2</b>

#### Score by innings—

Gleichen.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Strathmore.....	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0
Home run, Baxter; three baggers Bried (2) Veliant, Chapman; two base hit, Cline; struck out by Wilson 5, by Bried 3; stolen bases, J. McArthur, Wilson, Terrant, Mace, Bried.									

## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., L.L.D., D.C.L., President  
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager  
JOHN LAIRD, Asst. General Manager  
V. C. BROWN, Superintendent of Central Western Branches

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$12,500,000

### FARMERS' BUSINESS

The Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every facility for the transaction of their banking business, including the discount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes are supplied free of charge on application.

GLEICHEN BRANCH. J. CAMERON, Manager

## THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

WITH WHICH IS UNITED  
THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Authorized.....	\$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid Up.....	11,500,000
Reserve Fund.....	12,500,000
Total Assets.....	180,000,000

290 Branches throughout Canada.

Savings Department at all Branches.

LONDON, ENG., OFFICE  
Bank Bldgs—Princes St.

NEW YORK AGENCY  
Cor. William and Cedar Sts.

GLEICHEN BRANCH: H. G. LYONS, Manager.

## NAMAKA NEWS

(SPECIAL CALL CORRESPONDENT)

H. Millar manager of the Namaka Farm, was over to his old home at High River last week and returned driving via the ferry over the Bow river with his wife. He reports that crops all seem in good condition in this part of the country.

Several of our Namaka residents attended at Strathmore on Saturday morning the sale of the Maple Leaf Hotel effects. There was some disappointment as the whole was sold in one lot and the hotel is to be re-opened on Monday.

Fishing seems to be good just now at the river. E. C. Watts and R. Coates spent a day there and returned home with quite a good catch. The Indians, too, are bringing in quite a lot of fish.

Ross O'Neal and his wife left Namaka to go by trail to Athabasca Landing. He took with him a team of mares and foals to leave at Sedgwick.

The football match on Saturday night between Gleichen and the C.P.I.D. club resulted in a good game with a result of 2 to 1 in the home team's favor. Tonight, Thursday, the boys will play a match with Strathmore here, when the visitors hope to break Gleichen's record of not having lost a game on their own grounds for the past two years. The boys are arranging to play the Plasterers of Calgary shortly, who represent an intermediate league team. The local team complain that they are not getting the financial support their efforts deserve, and hope that at the coming games they will be assisted by the Gleichen boosters, and financially.

Last week James Cameron, the local manager of the Bank of Commerce, left for England on a three months' well-earned vacation, accompanied by his wife. S. H. Curran has arrived from Hanna to occupy the position as manager until Mr. Cameron's return.

Miss Poelzer arrived last week from High River, and has opened a dressmaking shop temporarily at Mrs. W. C. Johnson's house on Railway street. Miss Poelzer comes highly recommended as a business lady, and if conditions warrant she will open up a shop in the center of the town.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Small Ads under this heading cost 10 cents for first insertion and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion. No charge for more than one insertion. Unless the number of issues are given with each order ads are left in until ordered out and charged for in full.

\$10 REWARD each for the recovery of three gelding saddle horses, branded 33 on left shoulder. Owner of all cattle branded A on left ribs.

J. V. Drenthoff, C.C. Ranch, Cayley.

FOR SALE—5 Passenger Overland car. Perfect running order, fully equipped. Will trade for stock.—Y. P. Muir, Gleichen.

LOST—Bay colt gelding three years old. Branded 55 on right shoulder. \$5 reward for return to W. Hayes, 4 miles north of Gleichen.

ESTRAY—Bay mare about 12 years old, weight about 850 pounds. Has small white spot on end of nose. Branded crowfoot on left shoulder and 12 on left thigh. Good saddle horse. Return to D. C. Westcott at Gleichen, or to J. Hester, 16-20.

## EDMONTON EXHIBITION

August 11 to 16  
1913

\$50,000.00 In  
Prizes and  
Purses

Entries Close July 28th  
Five days good  
races. Special  
free attractions.  
Midway Shows.

Military Tattoo  
Excursion rates on all railroads.  
For prize list and all information,  
Apply to

W. J. Stark, Mgr



## THE STRANGER

How He Secured Damages  
From a Railroad  
Company

By DOROTHEA HALE

### "Tickets"

The conductor stood by a man with his hat over his eyes, apparently asleep. He made no response to the demand, and the conductor poked him. The passenger woke up, blinked his eyes at the conductor, then began to feel for his pocketbook. It was not in his hip pocket, where he first looked for it, and he began a series of sudden thrusts in all his other pockets.

"Conductor," he said, not having found it, "some pickpocket has relieved me of my tickets and \$80 in cash."

"Ticket?" repeated the conductor, apparently oblivious to this ingenious excuse.

"I tell you I've been robbed of my ticket. Pass me to the end of the road and I will see that you get one as soon as I can cash a draft."

"Give me either a ticket or the money for your fare or you'll have to get off the train."

"What—in all this rain?"

"Yes, in all this rain. In the first place, you were not asleep at all when I came round, but pretended to be. In the second place, you can't beat your way on this road, and, in the third, fork over or I'll put you off."

Other passengers were by this time interested in the debate. They saw the man look at the conductor with a peculiar expression, in which surprise and condemnation were mingled. Though young, his face had in it the look of one who was accustomed to command. His clothes were covered with the dust of travel, but were not shabby. As he looked at the conductor's countenance hardened; then he said quietly:

"Put me off."

The conductor seized the bell cord, pulled it vigorously, and the train came to a stop between two fields.

The road was ditched on both sides, and the passenger had difficulty in finding a footing. The train started on. He stood staring at it for a few moments, then looked about him for shelter. There was but one house in sight, and that was fully two miles away. The rain beat down, wetting the ejected passenger to the skin, and a cold northeast wind intensified its chill. Taking a glance at the probable best route by which to reach the house mentioned, he started toward it.

He was an hour reaching it, facing as he did the storm and several times having to retrace his steps. On arriving he found it to be far better than the average farmhouse and was received by kind-hearted, hospitable persons. He begged shelter and some dry clothing, which was given him, but a chill warned him that he had better go to bed at once.

His hosts, the Livermore family, consisted of the father, mother and their daughter, Jennie. The father had been obliged on account of ill health to take up his residence in the country and was trying to make a living by farming. Though he had become well again, he found his city life had not given him the experience a farmer needs, and he was rapidly running in debt. Nevertheless the family was all kindness to the stranger. His chill was succeeded by a fever, and in less than a week he was at the point of death. Then he rallied and in a short time was convalescent.

During his illness Mrs. Livermore was his chief attendant, but when he was getting well she turned him over to her daughter. The weather was becoming warm, and Jennie placed a big chair on the porch for him and covered him with blankets. There he sat most of the day in the sunshine.

From the porch he could look down on the railroad and the place where he was ejected in that pitiless storm.

"It's a shame," said his little nurse Jennie, "that you should have been forced to risk your life as you were. How much would it cost to sue the company?"

"Why do you ask?" The invalid looked at the girl's indignant features with interest.

"Because I had a legacy of \$200 left me not long ago, and if that would do I think I would let you have it."

The stranger regarded her with an amused expression. Such unthinking generosity was refreshing.

would state the lowest sum he would take in settlement his claim would be considered.

When the stranger read this he was sitting on the porch and Jennie was attending him. He smiled, and Jennie asked him at what he was smiling.

"I will name a very low sum—the amount you propose to lend me to try the case. After that I shall hear nothing more from the auditor."

"Why not?"

"Because his object is to induce me to name a sum that I will accept for my claim. He will file my reply, and if the case ever comes to trial he will show it as evidence that \$200 was all I had asked in settlement."

"How do you know so much about these matters?"

"Kindly give me writing materials," replied the stranger without answering her question, "and I will prove to you that I am right."

He wrote a letter offering to accept \$200 in settlement for his claims, asking an immediate reply since he was about to leave the place from which his offer was made. Though he remained there two weeks longer, no answer came.

"I wonder how in the wide world you knew all that?" remarked Jennie. But the stranger did not seem inclined to explain things. When he was strong enough he went away, giving heartfelt thanks to all his benefactors and bidding Jennie a tender goodbye.

"Now, remember," he said at parting with her, "if I send to you for that \$200 you won't go back on me, will you?"

"But didn't that offer you made spoil it all?" she asked.

"Yes; it worked in that way, but there are other ways."

Jennie's confidence in this young man, who seemed to know so much about railroad methods, was perfect, and she promised to send the money when called for. Then the stranger went away, and they heard no more of him for months. Spring passed into summer, and the early autumn came. Then Jennie received a letter from the stranger, saying that he was using her legacy without really having it in his possession. He explained that he was doing it on the credit system, which made it just as valuable to him as cash. This was all Greek to Jennie, but she remembered how he had foretold what the auditor of the railroad would do, and she wrote back that it was all right. She was glad he was getting the benefit of her money and hoped he would make the railroad company pay at least his doctor's bill.

During the summer the stock of the said company began to go up and down, sometimes jumping five points at a time, then sinking ten points. Sometimes it would remain at a fixed price for weeks, then gradually settle. Within a few months, passing through these changes, it sank from par to half that value. Everybody wondered what was going on "behind the scenes" to cause such fluctuations and such a recession of price. But nobody seemed to know. After awhile it began to rise and went back to par.

When the annual meeting of the directors came around an unknown man walked into the room where it was held and showed certificates to the amount of 53 per cent of the capital stock. He presented the names of a new board and, holding a majority of the stock, elected every one of them. Most of his votes were by proxy.

"You are?" asked the astonished president of the man who held them.

"I am vice president of the R. T. and G. line, on the Pacific coast. Last spring I came east on business for my road. I was robbed of my pocketbook on entering a train on your road and, having neither money nor tickets, was put off in a storm by your conductor. I contracted pneumonia and came very near dying. Subsequently I offered to accept \$200 for my claim against your company, but no reply was made to my offer. On my recovery I made a study of your road and formed a plan to unite it with its feeder. I interested my backers on the Pacific coast and obtained from them the necessary financial equipment. As chairman of the new board I call upon the officers of the company for their resignations."

Not a person present had ever heard of the \$200 claim for damages. The president said that if he had known of it he would gladly have settled the claim, paying a just amount. The chairman of the new board said he was glad the president did not know of it, since the investment under the new scheme promised to be a very profitable one.

A few days after these developments Jennie Livermore saw the stranger coming up the walk. She ran out to meet him.

"I've won my suit against the railroad company," he said.

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, and I must pay you for the use of your legacy, which helped me to win it."

"How much did you get?"

"Your share is in this check."

He handed her a check for \$6,040. She failed utterly to grasp what it meant. Then the others of the family came out to welcome him, and he told them how he had secured indemnity from the road for having been put off a train and made ill in consequence. There were additions to the story which interested them far more than the recital thus far. He had also deposited with his broker a check for what he deemed the payment for his stay with them while he was sick—\$1,000—and had bought and sold with it the stock of the railroad company he was manipulating. That fund now amounted to over \$30,000.

The stranger made another visit to his benefactors, and when he went away he took with him Jennie Livermore.

## WHIRL OF THE TORNADO.

Beside it the Rush of the Cyclone is Comparatively Harmless.

An uphill fight for accurate English is being waged year after year by scientific authorities on the weather who object to having the tornadoes which rip through towns now and then or carry away isolated farmhouses, called "cyclones." The distinction made by the experts in meteorology is plain, but the public is wedded to the "cyclone."

The word has gained wide acceptance in describing the furious local storms which rush forward along a more or less direct path while they whirl with far greater velocity on a center which may be only a few feet in diameter. If a boy's top is spun on one end of a board and the board is tilted so that the top slides quickly along it, all the while revolving at high speed on its point, the onward sweep of the tornado is closely imitated.

It is the spinning motion which is the swiftest and most destructive. The advance of the storm may not be as rapid as that of many a comparatively harmless gale. The twisting motion is estimated at not less than 200 miles an hour in the worst tornadoes.

The true cyclone of the West Indies, the China sea and other parts of the tropics is entirely different. Its force is spent in a furious wind that seems to blow almost straight ahead, while the storm revolves, more or less fully, around a circle the circumference of which may be many hundred miles. A tornado wreaks its fury on a strip of land usually only a mile or less in width. The cyclone sweeps scores or hundreds of miles of sea or shore. But "cyclone" is entrenched in popular usage as the name of the typical "twister" of this country, and "tornado" has a poor chance.—Cleveland Leader.

## THE PRISONERS' CIPHER.

A Puzzling Code That Was Discovered Only by Accident.

Prisoners in jails are generally very ingenious, so much so, in fact, that it has been frequently remarked that if their skill and ingenuity were turned to honest purposes they would thrive much better than as criminals.

One branch of ingenuity is displayed in the plans they make to communicate with one another. They construct cipher codes, but the officials generally manage to translate them.

Recently in a western jail the guards encountered a cipher that proved too hard for them, and it was a good while before the puzzling messages were made out, and then the key was accidentally discovered. A man in for forgery, as smart a rogue as ever was behind the bars, invented the puzzle.

The writing was on long, narrow strips of paper, on the edge of which were letters and parts of letters that apparently had no connection and from which no words could be formed.

One day a deputy who was passing the cell of a prisoner saw him passing a long strip of paper around an octagon lead pencil. He took this paper away, and on it were the mysterious scrawls that had worried the keepers.

But the deputy got an idea from this, and, going back to the office, he wrapped the strip around an octagon shaped lead pencil and after several trials adjusted it so that the parts of letters fitted together and made a sentence, though the writing was very fine.

The writer had adopted the simple ingenious plan of covering the lead pencil with the paper and had then written along one of the flat sides. On unrolling it the writing was as mystical as a cryptogram, but when put around the pencil, as it was originally, it could be easily understood.—Dallas News.

### Almost the Speed Limit.

"No man is a coward to himself," said the war veteran oratorically.

"At Chattanooga one of the men in my company left early in the action, and no one saw him till after the battle, when he appeared in camp unwounded and unabashed. Some of the boys accused him of running away, but he wouldn't admit it."

"I only retreated in good order," he declared.

"I heard of the matter, and a few days later I asked him if he had any idea how fast he had retreated."

"Well, I'll tell you, cap'n," he said, "if I'd been at home and gone after the doctor folks that see me passin' would have thought my wife was right sick!"—Youth's Companion.

### A Story of St. Paul's.

A singular fact in the history of St. Paul's cathedral, London, is that the first stone which the architect ordered the masons to bring from the rubbish of the former cathedral, destroyed by fire, was part of a sarcophagus, on which had been inscribed the single word "Resurgam" ("I shall rise again").

The prophecy was fulfilled, for out of the ruins of old a veritable poem in marble has arisen.

### His Umbrella Scheme.

"An umbrella with a gold handle studded with diamonds!" exclaimed the admiring friend.

"Yes," replied the man with a fierce look in his eye. "If somebody picks this one up it's going to be a charge of grand larceny!"—Washington Star.

### Domestic Ethics.

A man should be ashamed of himself when he tells a falsehood to his wife and she believes it. But he isn't ashamed; he is encouraged.—New York Journal.

A man may outwit another, but not all the others.—La Rochefoucauld.

## WHEAT WITHOUT RAIN.

Expert Tells of Empire's Rich Farms In South Africa.

And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. . . . In the wilderness shall water break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool and the thirsty lands springs of water.—Isaiah, chapter 35.

Isaiah's many prophecies concerning the fertility of the desert places of the earth are having some measure of fulfillment in South Africa, according to Dr. Macdonald, of the Union Department of Agriculture, who is best known as the enthusiastic exponent and pioneer of the dry-farming movement, which has revolutionized agriculture in that country.

In a recent interview, Dr. Macdonald said:

"Before the Government started experimental dry land stations it was widely believed that farming was only possible beside the water furrow. This meant a few irrigated patches of land and the rest of the country a desert. But we have changed all that. In each of the four provinces and in Rhodesia thousands of acres of dry land, once considered valueless, are now being plowed up and planted and are yielding excellent crops."

"America has grown wheat on an 8-inch rainfall. Australia has grown wheat on a 5-inch rainfall, but we in South Africa have grown a rainless wheat. That is to say that during the past season at Lichtenburg, which is in the dry zone of the Transvaal, they have grown wheat without a single drop of rain falling upon it from seed time until harvest. This is the Durum wheat, Apulia, which was originally introduced from the dry belt of Italy. Success has been due to the use of what is termed 'moisture-saving fallows.' The great problem of South African agriculture is not the problem of fertility. It is the problem of the conservation of moisture. They have now solved that problem, and made possible the immediate settlement of dry or arid lands."

"Again, by systematic dipping and fencing, cattle disease is now well under control."

"But, perhaps, the most dramatic success in the campaign against insect pests is to be seen in the conquest of the locust by means of arsenical sprays. The flight of every swarm of locusts is registered and telegraphed to the headquarters of the Union Department of Agriculture at Pretoria, and when the young locusts emerge, the veldt is ringed by poisoned grass, over which they cannot pass. A short time ago the Government of Peru sent an expert to the Transvaal to study the methods of locust destruction, but the only locust which the entomologist could show him was to be found in the museum."

"Few people seem to be aware of the fact that the richest farmers in the British Empire are the ostrich farmers of Cape Colony. Or, take the province of Natal. It has developed large and profitable industries in sugar cane, wattle, and tea. But these are small in comparison to its future as a dairying country, where milk cows can remain outside all the year round, being grazed on the rich natural pastures of a well-watered region, supplemented by fields of maize, sugar cane and lucerne. With the rise of fruit farming and dairying we may look for the coming of the small holder."

### The Friend of Judges.

Quite a distinguished figure has passed away at the Law Courts in London—the judge's cat. For fourteen years he had lived in the judges' corridor, and often appeared on the bench, where he always assumed an air of the greatest gravity. He was very exclusive in his friendships and even discriminated among the judges. Justice Lawrence and Lord Justice Vaughan Williams were among his most intimate friends. He was a very large cat, and portly, but active for his size, and though not very expert at mouse hunting, frequently indulged in it in the Long Vacation. The cause of death is not known, but it is thought to have been influenza.

### Schoolboy Howlers.

To the budget of school howlers already published must be added one or two related by a well-known London schoolmaster who is fond of setting "general knowledge" papers. Included among his scholars' answers were the following: "Charles Dickens was born and brought up in London shortly after the death of his parents." "Gravitation is when an apple falls on the floor." "Benjamin Franklin invented lightning." "The palace where they keep all kinds of wild animals is called a theological garden." "Martin Luther invented a diet of worms." "One of the most important inventions of modern times is the North Pole."

### Politicians at Home.

The private lives of British politicians afford many glimpses of their homeliness and domesticity. Almost every day Mr. Lloyd George manages to spend half an hour or so in St. James' Park with his little daughter Megan, while Lord Haldane has made it his habit to spend the week-end with his mother, who is an octogenarian and resides at Cloandren, Perthshire, all the year round. When his lordship was at the War Office he was unable to go to Cloandren very often, but it is said that he never left a week pass without writing his mother two long letters.

### Blessing the Crops.

The ancient ceremony of blessing the crops was observed recently in the Devonshire parish of Oakford, the rector, Rev. F. G. Buller, officiating. A number of farmers and laborers proceeded to Pinkworthy Cross, where a hymn was sung and a lesson read. In a special litany invocations were made for the union of farmers and laborers of the district in love and good works, and the preservation to their use of the kindly fruits of the earth. The service was concluded with the Benediction and the singing of the "Old Hundredth."

## LARGE FAMILIES.

Some English Households Are Nearly Record-Breakers.

Recently two extraordinary cases of very numerous offspring in the same family were recorded in the English press, and these attracted great attention at the time. One was that of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, of Chiswick, who can boast a family of no fewer than twenty-nine "little" ones, though these are by two mothers, the present Mrs. Rogers being the second wife of Mr. Charles of that ilk, who is a well-known builder in the district. The proud father, aged seventy-four, might have been seen carrying his latest infant to its baptism a week or two ago, and Chiswick supporters did due honor to the occasion.

The other case was that of Mr. T. A. Slack, of Purley, Surrey, who, curiously enough as a coincidence, can also claim to be the father of twenty-nine children; and in this instance the writer believes, too, that Mr. Slack can boast that these "thirty save one" are still all alive.

Capital as these examples are, as showing that even in this age of bishops and judges who rail at the decaying birth-rate, yet the nation is not wholly going to the dogs in this matter, the instances mentioned do not form anything like a "record" for the country in this fashion.

There was that stalwart Scot hailing from Cromarty, Mr. Thos. Urquhart, who was not only the father of thirty-six children, but had the supreme satisfaction of living to see a large number of them gain very high positions and become quite eminent. Of the thirty-six no fewer than twenty-five were sons—quite an unusual proportion of the kind.

Sunderland just now seems to be trying to either break the record in another way, or to qualify in decent time for a place amongst the notables already mentioned. For the wife of a small shop-keeper in the Wearside town last month presented her spouse with twins, which would have satisfied most fond parents as the product of one twelve months. However, when it is learned that this same good lady had already borne another set of twins less than a year previously one may be forgiven for saying that, at the rate of "four a year" to such a youthful couple, the claims of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Slack, or even Mr. Urquhart, appear in much danger of being soon excelled.

In the annals of "Numerous Children," by Boyle, there is a case given of a Paris lawyer who had no fewer than forty-five; and history also states that a baker in France could boast of twenty-one children, born at seven births, and all within the astonishing short space of seven years. What a family this would have been for winning the good graces of the prelate of London, or the former Bishop of Ripon!

Of course, the actual "record," so far as authentic history can give it at all, surely belongs to Signora Granta, the wife of an Italian living at Barcelona. This real "mother in Israel" did her duty so nobly to the state that, at the age of sixty, she could look round and count something like forty-nine olive branches who were as delighted as possible to call her "mother." Signora Granta undoubtedly holds the record still; and our English parents of twenty-nine—nay, even the Scottish ones of thirty-six—will have a long way to go to overtake it.—London Tit-Bits.

### A Neglected M.P.

Shrewsbury, Eng., was at one period represented by a member singularly neglectful of his Parliamentary duties. John Mytton, who was returned for the borough in 1819, remained in the House only half an hour after he had taken the oath, and then left, never to set foot in St. Stephen's again. This solitary visit to the House cost him \$50,000 in election expenses.

Mytton resigned his seat the following year, but stood for Shropshire twelve years later, when he had run through all his money. In his election address he stated: "I have now no wife, no family, no house, no horses—some will say no steadiness of purpose—but feeling that I can devote myself to your service I offer myself as a candidate." This time he was badly beaten at the poll.—Daily Chronicle.

### Town Under the Waves.

Hon. Frederick G. Wynn, of Glynllifon, has succeeded in making an examination from his yacht of the site of Caer Arianrod, the Roman town which lies buried beneath the waves of Carnarvon Bay. About 40 yards from the crest of the reef, which covers two acres, and which tradition marks as the site of the old Roman station overwhelmed by the sea, he discovered large boulders arranged in regular lines which looked like the foundations of a building 20 yards in length by 10 yards in breadth, and a very curious and perfect pillar of stone, with a conical top, eight feet in height, three feet across, and three-sided in form.

### A Lonely Job.

There are many curious jobs to be found in London, but few people would know where to find the loneliest man in London. This is, undoubtedly, Watchman Gerrard of the District Railway, who for many years has been in charge of the subterranean passage running between South Kensington Station and the South Kensington and Victoria and Albert Museums. The tunnel, which is half a mile in length, is used by very few people—one per hour, perhaps, passing through—and on these the watchman keeps his eye.

### Cotton In India.

Cotton-growing is slowly spreading in India, and the out-turn of raw cotton in the Punjab in the crop year 1912-13 is likely to exceed considerably that of 1911-12. The area under the crop is 1,362,200 acres, an increase of nearly 40,000 acres, and only in the unirrigated lands of the three northern divisions, says the American consul at Bombay, is the prospect poor.

## DAME FASHION.

Waistcoats Are a Conspicuous Detail.



SMART OUTING COAT.

This jaunty coat of ecq de roche serge makes a brilliant dash of color against an out of door background, and the vivid red of the model is particularly effective in combination with a dainty frock of machine embroidered batiste.

### Sheet and Pillowcase Shower.

A young woman who belonged to a sewing club composed of six members announced her engagement, and the other members planned this most unique shower, to which they asked the men—that is, each asked an escort. These girls conceived the happy idea which made this affair a reality.

Each one made a pair of sheets and a pair of pillowcases. Then, arrayed in these ghostly garments, they presented themselves at the house of the bride elect. They all met at the house next door and dressed. The bride's mother had been taken into the secret and looked out for the refreshments which the men had sent up. After the surprise was over and the white costumes taken off it was explained that the sheets and pillowcases would next be seen neatly laundered and tied up with sachets of lavender for the linen chest.

### A Picnic Shelf.

A woman who gives her friends and children picnics during the spring and summer has a "picnic shelf," and she starts it just about now. She sets aside one shelf in her cupboard and puts on it many little things that one might otherwise throw away—the little cheese or olive bottles or a good shaped jam jar for packing picnic dainties. All the dried paper from the packaged brands of biscuit is just as good as the bought kind in the roll, and these she saves. A mayonnaise bottle she refills with the homemade variety. Corks, attractive strings, candy and tin boxes she finds good use for later. Then she watches the magazines and papers for new picnic suggestions, and it is surprising how many new ideas for salad, sandwich and other dainty things she collects in this way.

### For the Summer Girl.

This gay and coquettish little mid-summer hat is tilted forward on a bandeau, and the back of the brim



MODEL TIPPED UP ON BANDEAU.

also rolls slightly upward. The plaiting lace under the brim is a dainty notion and softens the line of the hat.

### No Red Haired Old Maids.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones wants to know if any one ever saw a red haired old maid, and his question is said to have plunged London society into a controversy as warm as the hair concerned. Sir William Ramsay says that the lack of red headed spinsters is due to the fact that they always get married. Men like them, he says, and so they marry quickly. Burne-Jones gives the same reason for the lack. No one seems to have any statistics in regard to the red haired woman in the divorce courts.



Point Sir 9  
for M  
Mothers

Strained honey, fifty grams; white soap shaved into small bits, forty grams; tincture of benzoin, ten grams; white wax, thirty grams. Melt the soap, honey and white wax in a double boiler. Add the benzoin when the mixture is removed from the fire.

Cashier (to lady cashing check for £15)—How will you have it, madam, gold or notes? Lady—Oh, all gold please, if you've got it.—*London Punch*

Each with a terrible tale of woe.  
Poor Polly quakes from head to toe.  
"Guiltily or not guilty?" cries the judge in  
awful tone.  
"Not guilty," says Polly, ashamed her  
sins to own.  
Oh, Polly, those twelve jurors know!  
Look at this poor little pussy with her  
ribbon bow  
That girl pulls her tail to make her misdeeds  
And rubs her head the wrong way too.  
She gives her lots of twists and twirls,  
Indeed, there's many such little girls.  
Oh, Polly, stop, what will the cats do  
To such a naughty girl as you!

In 1850 the average farm in the United States consisted of 202.6 acres. In 1910 the average farm number only 138.1 acres. This would seem to show that "bonanza farms," vast cattle ranches, etc., are succumbing to the tendency toward intensive cultivation on a smaller scale and that the movement toward consolidation, so marked in business, has been reversed as far as agriculture is concerned.

The most remarkable thing about corn is the new products that have been derived from it, the many new uses which science and American genius have created for it. Corn now enters into 150 different products, the most familiar being sirup, sugar, breakfast foods, shortening, salad oils, desiccated materials and candies—Lactol's

In the splendid new railway stations that have been built recently, too, the fact that baby travels has been remembered, and in the well equipped and supervised rest room there are dainty cribs for the baby that has been fretted and wearied by his unaccustomed railway journey.





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**Last of Big Round-ups Now  
in Progress at Circle Ranch**

**Over Seventeen Thousand Head of Cattle Being  
Dipped. An Awe Inspiring Sight**

At the Queensdown dip on the Circle Ranch, about 25 miles south of Gleichen, more than 17,000 head of cattle are being rounded up by a small army of cowpunchers. Not since the early 80's when the cattlemen held undisputed sway in southern Alberta, has there been a round-up of such proportions as the present one. Every day for the past week large herds of cattle have been driven into the corrals at the dip to receive their bath, and the performance will continue daily for a month, until every beast of the huge herd has been handled.

Never again, so the cattle men say, will there be such a large roundup as the one taking place this summer. The rate at which southern Alberta is settling up is slowly but surely driving the large ranchers out of business. The Dominion government has stopped leasing large tracts of land for cattle ranching, and whenever existing leases expire they are not renewed. Gradually the big ranching concerns are retiring from business, and their operations and the great stretches of country formerly controlled by them are becoming more and more restricted every year. The ranchers themselves seem to be somewhat pessimistic about the outlook and admit that the days of cattle ranching on a large scale in Alberta are numbered.

The lands formerly owned and leased by these companies are being split up and fenced, and in many cases placed under crop. But a few years ago the cattle used to range from south of the international boundary to Saskatchewan river in northern Alberta. There was never a shortage of feed on such extensive pastures, and the roaming of the cattle was never hindered except once a year, when the roundup for the branding of the calves took place. Things are different. The leases are gradually expiring and the country is being sold in smaller parcels and fenced. Even the large companies who owned outright thousands of acres of land, say that their operations, when confined to their own restricted areas, are yearly becoming less profitable on account of lack of feed.

The Circle Ranch, where the present big roundup is taking place embraces 14 sections of land, which the Conrad Circle Ranch Company, of Helena, Montana, owns outright. Owing to the purchase of much of the adjacent land by other companies, who are reselling to farmers, and the disposal of a large portion of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, which is in the same district, and on which the range cattle used to feed, this summer in last year sold all its cattle to the P. Burns Co., and has given up the cattle business. The title to this 8,960 acres of land is being retained by the company, and about 1,000 acres has been broken and placed under crop.

By special arrangement, all the large ranching concerns in this part of the country are making use of the corrals and dip on the Circle Ranch, and are co-operating in the work to facilitate it and get it over as speedily as possible. The P. Burns company, of Calgary, have about 7,000 head in the herd; Frank Hills and Sons, of Buffalo Hills, 6,000 head; E. D. Hewick, about 5,000 head; Nesbitt and McKinnon, 800; besides several hundred owned by a number of smaller ranchers, including McHugh Bros., of Calgary. The object of the big round-up is to get the cattle dipped and the calves branded. Dipping and branding is an annual occurrence about this time of the year. Formerly the different concerns have each done the work, but this year they are co-operating for expediency.

These cattle are no loafing days for the cowboys. With hands and faces tanned, leather colored by sun and wind, dust begrimed, and pestered by myriads of mosquitoes, they are in the saddle riding hard from shortly after daybreak until sundown. A few minutes at noon and evening time, when they hastily swallow their meals at the cook camps, are the only leisure moments they get.

The dipping is carried out as a precaution against the spread of disease among the cattle, and to kill ticks, parasitic insects which bore beneath the skin of animals. The cattle are brought in from the ranch in bunches of several hundred at a time, and driven into the big corral at the dip. The dip itself is a trough about 60 or 70 feet long, just about wide enough to accommodate the body of one animal, and about six feet deep. It is in this trough that the cattle receive their baths in lime water and sulphur. The water is heated in boilers and kept at a temperature of 103 degrees, and is pumped by a large steam engine into the dip. The cattle are driven from the main corral by cowpunchers down a series of narrow runs only wide enough to admit them single file down into the dip.

When the dipping is in progress, the barrier separating the run from the dip is lifted, and a string of animals forced down into the sulphur and lime bath. The crowding of the beasts behind compels those in front to take the plunge, and once in, they must swim to the opposite end before they can get out, it being practically impossible for them to turn around owing to the narrowness of the dip. Occasionally, some of the very wildest of the cattle get turned around and cause considerable trouble before they can be turned and headed for the exit end of the dip. The depth of the solution forces them to swim, and from the time they get from one end to the other, they receive a good bath, being immersed from one to two minutes. They are all dipped twice during the season, the dipping being a government regulation.

On days when work is unhampered by bad weather or other uncontrollable circumstances, from 500 to 700 head of cattle may be dipped daily, but this average is not maintained. Any calves or matervicks that have to go through the branding process are branded before going into the dip.

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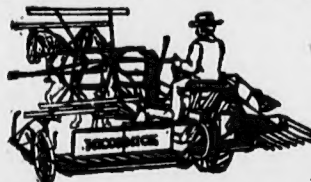
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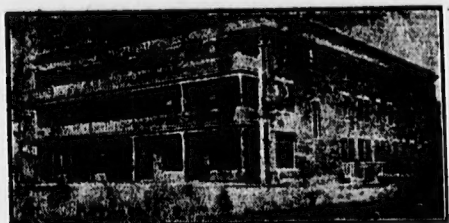


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The Department of Natural Resources, Canadian Pacific Railway, in communicating to a press representative the information that it has placed hail insurance on the unsold farms in its Ready Made Farm Colonies at Cairnhill, Southeast and Coaldale, states that it would like to see every farmer in the country follow its example, and that it would like to impress on all members of the agricultural community the wisdom of such a course.

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He is registered under the rules of the American Trotting Register as follows: 28003 Baron Chimes, (6) b. h. foal 1890; by Chimes, 5348; dam Mayetta, by Baron Wilks, 4578; grand dam Augustine by Pancoat, 3149, etc.  
 Baron Chimes, 28003, time 2:10 (Sire of 8 in the 2:30 list); by Chimes (Sire of 81 in the 2:30 list and 4 in the 2:00 list); he by Electioneer (with dams of 131 and sires of 160 in the 2:30 list); he is by Hamiltonian 10 the world's famous sire for speed. First dam Jenny Hinman, the dam of Brian Brau who won the Canadian Futurity in Toronto in 1902 (open to the Dominion); Ann V 215; Grace B 224; Jenny Hinman Vol. XVI by Naaman 7204, 2nd dam Katie Robinson by Ashi and Patchen 48 and others.

CERTIFICATE  
 The pedigree of the trotting stallion Baron Chimes 28003 is described as follows: Breed standard, color, bay; foaled in the year 1890, has been examined in the Department, and I hereby certify that the said stallion is of pure breeding, and is registered in a stud book recognized by the Department.

Dated at Edmonton, Alberta, this 31st day of January, 1911.  
 George Harcourt  
 Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

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**Wheatfield School  
 Cluny District**

The pupils of the above school met together on Monday, June 30, to receive the prizes won during the term just ended, and as there were candies and fruit in addition, it is needless to say the pupils were all present. The report of Mr. Boyle, the schoolmaster, gave a good account of the progress made by the school during the term, and all the classes have qualified to be advanced for the ensuing term, after the vacation.

The prizes were well chosen by W. Boyden, Secretary-treasurer, and consisted of instructive books, beautifully bound. The three prizes for attendance and good conduct were awarded as follows: First prize Caroline Boyden; second, Angela Simonin; third, William Boyden and Cecil Simonin. It was found necessary to divide the third prize as the two children received equal marks. A special prize was presented to Herbert Walbeck by W. H. Coats, chairman, he having obtained the most marks for progress, but being prevented from obtaining marks for attendance by sickness.

W. Boyden made an appropriate address to the children and also expressed the regret which is felt by all in the district, at losing the services of Mr. Boyle as schoolmaster, the period of his permit expiring on July 1st.

**A Fine Farmstead**

Recently the CALL reporter, with a number of other Gleichenites, visited R. M. Mace's farm, about 22 miles south of town, where all, with a number of others, numbering thirty-five in all, were entertained at a chicken dinner; and all were unanimous in voting Mr. and Mrs. Mace and George the most hospitable hosts they had met.

After dinner Mr. Mace took pleasure in showing the party over his garden and farm, which certainly is one of the best in the Arrowood district. He led the way to a field of 300 acres of oats and on to 250 acres of wheat that gave promise of yielding excellent returns. Then he went to his granaries, where he still had thousands of bushels of last year's crop, which he is now busily engaged in hauling to the Gleichen elevators. He is receiving prices that warranted his holding it over.

Next in line was a pen of 60 fine hogs; and chickens of the best varieties. Yet he seemed to take, and justly so, the most pride in his horses, chasing sprightly around the barn yard. They were a fine bunch, and full of life, but as gentle as could be, coming to him at his call, and delighting in having any one fondle them. Then came his garden, which contained all kinds of vegetables and showed great care.

Mr. Mace and his family are a happy lot. He says he knows of no place where he could farm to better advantage than in this district, and does not believe there is a better on earth.

**Mosquito Days**

Several active specimens of Alberta canaries, better known as mosquitoes have been seen and felt in the neighborhood lately. People from the country report exciting chases be the vicious gangs of them. One Queenstown man is reported to have completely lost his identity while looking for the north east quarter of 28. He left home a beautiful pink, smooth and handsome, but returned with the visage of a confirmed pumpkin eater and even his dog didn't know him. However, the optimist was early afoot, "Fine crops—early crops" he presaged. This is a kind of soothing syrup; it must be muttered incessantly when stalking abroad.

Gleichen Exhibition, August 7 and 8.

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Tuxedo brand	50 cents per lb.
House special blend coffee	35 "
Red rose tea, black	50 "
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Heinz' Chili sauce, India relish tomato catsup, sweet gherkins and sweet mixed pickles	35 cents per bot.

**Buchanan's Imported Jams**

Strawberry and raspberry, 5 pounds.....90 cents per tin

**E. D. Smith's, Canned Goods**

Corn, peas and beans	15 cents per tin
Tomatoes	20 "
Peaches, pears, strawberries and raspberries	25 "
Plums	15 "
Purity Flour 100 pounds	\$4.50 for cash only

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 Quick, Sure, Cheap**

The next time you are in town, visit this store and we'll tell you all about Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison. You will be interested because it means an increase of \$50 to \$100 on every 40 acres of grain you sow.

Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison is guaranteed—your money back if it fails to do as you expect. It's the surest, quickest, cheapest way to kill every gopher on your farm. There is so much to tell you about it that we want you to come—for your own sake.

The prices are \$5c, 75c and \$1.25 per box. The \$1.25 box contains twice as much as the 75c box and is enough to kill 4,000 gophers

.....FOR SALE AT.....

**Gleichen Pharmacy**



# MY WATER LADY

An Episode of a Summer Vacation.

by MITCHEL

I took my summer outing in the mountains, stopping at the C&O House. I had not been there three days when, rowing on the little lake around which all the hotels were centered, I passed a girl in another boat, who looked at me for a moment and then disappeared. I did not remember ever having seen her before and supposed she was mistaking me for some one else. I gave her no encouragement. In other words, I treated her as a stranger. Since we faced each other as we rowed, we did not know of each other's sight for some time, and I could see on her features the sensitiveness of a girl who has spoken to the wrong man.

It is not to be expected that such an incident as this occurring to one who has nothing to do but enjoy himself would pass out of mind. I must meet that girl and learn whether it was she or I who had made a mistake. I had not seen her at my hotel; therefore I assumed that she was stopping at some of the others. There were more than half a dozen hotels in the vicinity, and I feared that to find a person whose name I did not know among so many summer residents would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

But what trouble will a man not take in an adventure of this kind, especially when he has nothing else to do? I made the rounds of the hotels, beginning in the morning, when the guests first come out on the porch to sun themselves, spending some time on each porch looking for my water sprite, as I called her, but luck was not with me, and at the end of the first day I had not seen her.

I spent four days of a two weeks' vacation going the rounds of the hotels, instead of devoting myself to such summer sports as were at hand, looking for a girl in whom I could have no interest except that she had supposed she was passing some one she knew. In the evening of the fourth day I went to a dance at one of the hotels, and as I was sailing around in the waltz there suddenly appeared over the shoulder of her partner the face of my water sprite.

Dreading to lose her, I would have been glad to drop the girl with whom I was dancing and keep my object in sight, but I had just begun to dance, and experience with my partner had taught me that she would keep the floor as long as the music lasted. And she did. It was fully ten minutes before I was released, and then she said she must go out on to the porch for some cool air. What could I do? I proved myself a gentleman, wishing all the while that I was a boor. By the time the girl was ready for the next dance—with another partner, thank heaven—nearly half an hour had passed. Then it was too late. I hunted everywhere for my water sprite, but did not find her. If the girl I had been dancing with had known my feelings toward her for detaining me I would have had another adventure on my hands not so attractive as the first.

The next morning, passing the landing of one of the hotels, I saw the girl I sought, in a charming rowing costume, step into a boat and pull out into the lake. I immediately made application for a boat, but all were engaged. The girl I wished to follow could see me wildly running about trying to get a boat, and, though I was not near enough to see, I fancied there was an amused smile on her face. Then she disappeared behind an island, and I ground my teeth.

Several times after this I met her, and every time it was my misfortune to be so situated that I could not reach her. I showed so much temper over my disappointments that at last, when I was suffering under one of them, her face broke into a pleasant smile. There is nothing a girl likes so well as to be chased, and, instead of helping the chaser to reach her, she will throw obstacles in his way.

I learned enough of the girl who knew me and whom I did not know to be assured that she was devoted to boating. Indeed, I had seen her on the water, shooting along like the water sprite for which I had named her. So I resolved to spend a day on the lake in a boat, trusting it would give me an opportunity to catch her. I hired a boat at 9 o'clock in the morning and, taking a luncheon, resolved not to come off the water till dinner time in the evening.

I had not been out long before my girl passed me just as she had done at our first meeting. For a moment we looked at each other, surprised; then, with a tantalizing smile on her lips, she gave two or three vigorous strokes that carried her away from me.

She had an advantage of me in this. To follow her I was obliged to turn, and not being a skilled oarsman, instead of backing water with one oar and giving way with the other, I made a considerable curve. After I had turned I had another disadvantage in having my back to the girl, while she had her face to me. I was obliged to stop rowing for a moment to see where she was, and saw her a short distance away resting on her oars.

Thinking that she had decided to

wait for an interview, I pulled for her and when I thought I had reached her, she turned her head and I stopped rowing. She was a few hundred feet ahead of me. I noticed the long, graceful sweep of her oars, the regularity of the time between the strokes, the dexterity of her "feather," and saw that if she intended to give me a race, notwithstanding my superior strength, the issue would be uncertain.

Indeed, I was under a disadvantage in every respect except strength. My great drawback was that while she could see me, I could not see her. Besides, the lake was a long one and full of islands, behind which she could lose herself if she wished to do so. I concluded to give up the chase for that day and plan for one later that would take away the disadvantage of chasing with my back toward my opponent in the race.

When I started rowing and while doing so I occurred to me that I hastened with my preparations. I might yet be in time to have it out before luncheon. I ran to my room, took down a small mirror that hung on the wall, secured some twine and went back to my boat. The looking glass I set up in the stern, and on the twine I made tiler strings that I tied to my feet. Then I pulled back to where I had left my water sprite. I did not have to turn to see her when I came near enough to her to do so. I espied her lazily moving across the water, but noticed that though she did not seem to exert herself she made very good headway.

I pulled straight toward her, and as I approached, supposing that with my back turned to her I could not see her, she pulled across my bow. I followed her by a curve, catching glimpses of her in my mirror. I saw that this puzzled her, and at the same time I had evidence that she was bent on teasing me. Then suddenly she caught sight of the mirror, and it was evident to her that she had lost an advantage.

She was within a hundred feet of me when she realized that she could do no more fooling. It was beautiful to see her bend to her work. She had evidently been well trained in rowing, for scarcely a drop of spray did she knock up, while with every stroke her boat gained headway, skimming the water as if besmeared with the slime of a fish. My mirror worked beautifully, and with my ruder strings, I had very little disadvantage except for the want of skill. It was evident that it was a matter of brute strength against training.

My hope was in tiring her, though I was so clumsy that I was as likely to tire myself. I put on all my strength for awhile, then slowed down, repeating the process again and again, thinking that I could recover after one of these spurts quicker than the water sprite. But at last, finding this did not appear to give me much advantage, I pretended to be fagged out and waited for her to fall into a trap. Fortunately for me, she gave me an opportunity. I could see the water and the shore behind both of us, while she could not. Noticing on our port side a narrow bay, I steered to the starboard to drive her into it. I succeeded, and presently she found herself in the mouth of the bay.

It was amusing to see her when she made this discovery. She gave a few furious strokes to starboard, but I headed her off. Then she made a few strokes to port with the same result. Gradually I drove her up the bay, which narrowed as we proceeded, and finally into the mouth of a creek, where she grounded.

I pulled up to her and said: "Pardon me for my seeming intrusion, but it has occurred to me that I have had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere, and I wish to be enlightened."

She smiled and replied that I must be mistaken. To this I said I was not mistaken, and after laughing at me for some time she said: "I must have grown awfully old that you can't place me. Three years sometime make a great change in one. Can't you recall a starlit night on the veranda at — Beach, when you sat with a girl in a corner? You told her that it was a case of love at first sight; that?"

"For heaven's sake, are you Miriam Beach?"

"No."

"Then you must be Alice Archard."

"Wrong again. I'm the third girl you proposed to that summer."

I remained silent for a few moments, then recovered my assurance.

"Don't you know," I said, "that, as the children say, 'the third time is the charm?'"

She burst into a merrier laugh than before, and I added:

"We don't need two boats for two persons. If you will get into mine we'll take yours in tow and I'll pull you in."

I handed her to a seat in the stern of my boat. She took up the mirror to make a place for herself. Holding it before her face, she arranged some strands of her hair that had become loose.

"That's womanlike," I said.

"And it's manlike," she retorted, "to propose to three girls in one season and forget them."

"No more of that an' thou'lovest me," I said and called forth a blush. That tells the story, I said to myself.

I pulled back to her boat, where I left her and her boat.

"Don't you want the mirror?" I asked her.

"No, thank you. Keep it as a memento of your ingenuity."

"I suppose I may call this evening."

"Certainly. But there is no veranda overlooking a beach. Besides, I have grown wiser with age."

Her wisdom did not serve her, for when we returned to the city we were engaged.

## SLEEPWALKERS' ADVENTURES.

Somnambulists Somewhat of a Whole Day's Occupation.

The many remarkable stories which have been told of persons falling from windows or walking over heights while in a somnambulist state are supplemented by some extraordinary cases which are related by Sir George St. Savage, M.D., in "The Practitioner."

One concerns two friends of his who were traveling in Sweden. One night they stayed at a cafe and occupied the same room. Two hours after retiring one of them got up, seized a water-bottle and hurried to the head of his friend, smashing it against the wall. He then returned to bed and was perfectly unconscious of the act.

Referring to somnambulist hypnotism, the committing of acts quite unconsciously, and without any recollection, Sir George mentions that everybody is subject to this condition. The pianist, for example, automatically playing the keys, the dark night, the automatic sometimes a surprise. Some of the most serious forms, and the cases mentioned of a country gentleman of middle age, active, healthy, and sober in his habits, who came to London to consult his solicitor. Calling on a Tuesday morning he was told to call again at three o'clock. He did not keep the appointment, and was not seen again until the following Friday, when he turned up at the office at 3.30, apologizing for being half an hour late owing to his watch having stopped. He was under the impression that the day was still Tuesday, and had no knowledge of what he had done during the intervening time. He recognized that he had not shaved, but seemed to have washed, dressed, and eaten regularly.

Epilepsy is the cause of many acts of somnambulist automatism, and Sir George tells the story of a man who had passed a brilliant school and University career and eventually secured the Government service. He secured an appointment abroad and left for the East in good health, but at Port Said he disappeared. After many months, when he was supposed to be dead, his friends heard that he was in a state of destitution far from where he landed, but he had no recollection of his movements after he left the boat. After careful nursing, he was ready for work.

He took a private secretaryship in the colonies, where he soon proved his ability, but he once more disappeared and was again found in a state of poverty in quite another part of the world. A third time he started work on a ranch and was making a success of it when he again vanished, and on his being discovered in a state of great distress some months after he was placed in an asylum.

London's Smallest House.

The smallest house in London has just been put up to public auction. It is No. 10 Hyde Park Place, in a row of houses on the Bayswater side, overlooking the park. It has a street door guarded by an iron gate, but there is only one room to the house, and it is so small that during the whole period of its existence it has gone in company with No. 9, the house next door, which happens to be a full-grown mansion.

This smallest house is really a tiny little retreat, built over a long passage about six feet wide, between Nos. 9 and 11. The passage is a cul-de-sac, but half-way along it there is an iron ladder—a kind of ship's ladder—which can be climbed only with difficulty.

This ladder leads to the single room which is London's smallest house. It is as wide as the passage and about twenty feet long. It has none of the fixtures of a modern house, but is lighted by a window which gives a most charming view of Hyde Park.

Hoaxing a Politician.

A hoax has been played on a prominent politician in the Pontypool district. He received forty goats (some carriage paid and many carriage forward), sent in reply to an advertisement. Boring advertisements had also been inserted in South Wales newspapers stating the advertiser was in need of a nurse, a secretary, and a gardener. One of the advertisements in the "Went" column of a newspaper was "Wanted, a secretary (gentleman). Send photo, which will be returned." In reply to this there were 400 responses, 300 people enclosing photographs. Thirty nurses applied, and fifty gardeners. A grand piano had also been sent from a Cardiff firm.

The London Coster.

A unique and interesting sight to the visitor in London in the early days of spring is the London coster. He is in a class by himself, and he is worth seeing. He makes his living peddling flowers and vegetables, but he is not at all unique or interesting in his trade. It is when he is through with his labors and dresses up in his best bib and tucker that he is a sight to behold. His clothes are a mass of smoked pearl buttons sewed on in various designs. When the sun hits him he is one of the seven wonders of England.

Queer Religious Sect.

Extraordinary scenes have been occurring recently at Roker, near Sunderland, in the north of England, when three women and two men, the latest converts to the peculiar sect known as the Pentecostals, who were baptized in the sea.

The ceremony took place in the early morning, and so cold was the water that the women almost collapsed from the shock. While the converts were in the sea those on the beach danced wildly about, waving their arms and singing hymns.

New South Wales.

New South Wales is said to contain more kinds of flowering plants than all Europe.

## PEARL FISHERS.

Oriental Divers Work Hard and a Kind Is Rare.

The pearl fishery is an industry that still retains the flavor of antiquity. None of its methods have been modernized, neither machinery nor the trust has yet invaded it. A pearl diver gives this description of the way the Arabs fish the waters of the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, and of the bargaining that follows when they dispose of the "catch."

A pearl fisher's boat may contain as many as eighty Arab fishermen. Every two or three minutes thirty of the men dive, made fast to ropes that their companions hold. The only apparatus they use is a small bone clip that compresses the nostrils and leather finger-stalls to protect them from cuts to which the fisherman is liable in tearing the shells off the rocks. Each man carries a small basket in front of him, and a stone is tied to his waist to help carry him to the bottom.

A dive usually lasts from two to three minutes, although a record for five minutes has been established. When divers come to the surface, they are greatly exhausted; often they are half suffocated. However, after a rest of five minutes they are ready to go down again.

Most of these intrepid toilers carry an amulet supposed to protect them from fish, but they are often bitten. At night they have a meal of rice and dried dates. During the fourteen hours of their working day they take only an occasional cup of coffee.

Many of the fishermen become deaf, and it is seldom that a man continues at the business over five years.

In the evening they open the oysters, among which it is rare to find a pearl of value. When this happens, the joy in the boat is great. Pistol shots announce the news, which spreads from boat to boat along the whole length of the fishing bank, and finally to the mainland, where nothing is talked of except the water, shape and color of the newly-found prize.

On his return to his native village the master fisherman disposes of the pearls he has taken to the man who has allowed him food on credit. This man, in turn, sells the pearls in the Gulf market or at Bombay. Here the Arab broker takes a hand. In the presence of the buyer and the vendor, he offers up a prayer to Allah. Next he compliments the owner of the pearl, compares his voice to that of a nightingale, and praises his family and his intelligence. So the transaction drags on. For a pearl worth \$2,000 the broker does not hesitate to ask \$10,000. For a week, if necessary, he keeps his client in sight; he eats and sleeps with him. Finally they come to terms. The dealer embraces the other, weeps over him, and set a seal upon the bargain, repeats a prayer. In the course of the negotiation he never quotes a figure; a handkerchief over his hand hides from prying eyes the movements of his fingers that indicate bids. Many a white man unaccustomed to this way of doing business, has been robbed accordingly.

Where the Tax-Collector Is Defied.

The prospect of new taxes will not perturb the inhabitants of Innishmurry, an island off Sligo, who for many years have defied collectors of both rates and taxes. There is no direct communication with the island, and in a recent report to the Local Government Board it was stated that the rate-collector could find no boatman bold enough to take him across. Some years ago two rate collectors who tried to land in Innishmurry were driven off by showers of stones. The population, which consists of about fourteen families, is said to be a happy community. One of the islanders, a very old man, acts as ruler and settles any disputes that arise, but these are rare. Every summer a priest visits Innishmurry to conduct marriages, and remains for a few weeks. During the rest of the year the islanders hold a service among themselves every Sunday.—Manchester Evening News.

Employees' "Characters."

Should an employer be forced to give an employee a character? is the question which is revived by what is known as the "Character Note Bill," which will shortly come before the British Parliament. The object of the bill is to provide that every employer shall give to every person leaving his employment, by dismissal or otherwise, upon application made by such person, a certificate or character note in writing as to his or her general conduct and competence whilst in his employment. At the present time an employer is not obliged to give an employee a written character. His refusal to do so, however, is usually attributable to the fact that he has nothing good to say regarding the employee.

A Railway Museum.

Natural history for underground railway employees is the latest idea of the District Railway in London. It arose from the capture of an otter by an employee on the line near Acton, the animal ultimately being set up in a glass case and exhibited at the Museum House Station for the purpose of showing the public that the District Railway traverses some really rural districts, and also of stimulating the interest taken in natural history by men working on the line. A couple of barn owls, which have also been captured on the line, have been added to the District Railway natural history museum.

Always Repaid.

A total of £5,200 is available this year for distribution in Leicester to persons under thirty-five who, being "no tipplers," are "of good name, fame, and condition," or are able to comply with other simple conditions attaching to three old charities. The money is lent for nine years without interest in sums of £25, £50 and £100. For forty years there has been no failure to return the borrowed money punctually.

## BOY SCOUT REPUBLIC.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell's Great Scheme for Lads.

While the Government has been concerning itself, more or less successfully with small-holdings schemes, with a view to encouraging agricultural development and preventing the migration of young men from the land to the towns, Sir Robert Baden-Powell has inaugurated a scheme which offers a very practical solution of the "back to the land" difficulty. Sir Robert's idea is to grapple with the problem by inducing and training boys to become practical farmers, and with that end in view he has founded at Wadhurst, Sussex, a community much on the principles of the Boys' Republics which are now a great educational factor in the United States.

At the Scouts' Farm, as the Wadhurst Republic is called, forty-two lads are being trained to become practical farmers. "The colony," says Sir Robert, "is divided up into permanent patrols, or groups of seven boys, each under its own homestead, which is stocked and equipped for mixed farming under expert advice. There is a central market, at which their produce is bought by the management, and each patrol keeps its own books of profit and loss, etc., which gives an opening in their own lines for town-bred boys and country-bred boys."

The instruction given is practical in every detail, and in addition to general farming the boys are taught horsemanship, carpentering, baking, and blacksmiths' work. It is reckoned that, after leaving the farm at the age of seventeen, a boy will have received an all-round training such as will qualify him for well-paid positions, either at home or overseas, in professions where there is a large demand for such men. For Sir Robert points out that there are great openings, both at home and in the Dominions, for young Britons who have a practical knowledge of farming.

Trained men are becoming daily scarcer on the land," he says, "while the number of unemployed in our towns increases."

The boys are admitted to the Scout Farm Colony at fifteen years of age. The fees for training, board, and lodging at £180 per annum, and \$10 per annum subscription to books, games, etc., both being payable half-yearly in advance. Occasionally boys are admitted for practically no fee if they possess exceptional merit. By good work a lad has the opportunity of earning money for himself through his patrol homestead, and obtaining employment through the Farm Employment Agency at the end of his course — an agency which keeps in touch with openings at home and in the Dominions through the Boy Scout headquarters organization.

Friend to the Cats.

Stray London cats have lost their best friend by the recent death of Miss Kate Cording, foundress of the Feline Defence League. Largely at her own expense she organized the collection of these unfortunate animals—lately to the number of 11,000 a year—and secured for them a painless end in a lethal chamber at her "Cats' Home" at Islington. The lost, neglected, ill-treated, and downcast cats in all the byways and highways of London were systematically collected by Miss Cording and her helpers. A fishing net, a lantern, and a big basket were part of their equipment. They worked mainly by night and often in city churchyards, the favorite haunts of homeless cats. Once she was told that there were cats and kittens in a closed vault in St. Luke's Churchyard. It was impossible to reach them, but one kitten, was caught with a fishing net. Eventually the vault was opened and disclosed the skeletons of more than thirty cats.

Kings as Prisoners.

The Prince of Wales, although Heir-Apparent to the British throne, does not enjoy the same privileges as does the sovereign when he travels abroad. Under the International Law, a monarch is above any legal consideration such as hampers a subject, however illustrious. Should he refuse to pay his hotel bill, he could not be sued for it. In the improbable event of his knocking down a Frenchman in Paris, or a Prussian in Berlin, no policeman could lay hands on him. As a matter of Constitutional law, the King of England was at one time a sort of prisoner in his own country. Before the advent of the Guelphs, the Act of Settlement forbade the sovereign to go outside his dominions without the consent of Parliament. The Act was only repealed after the accession of George I.

Movements in Britain.

Although the first complete cinematograph entertainment in Britain was only given in 1896, at the present moment there are about 6,000 cinematograph theatres in the British Isles. About 4,000 are owned by limited liability companies, with a collective capital amounting to £7,330,000. The remaining 2,000 are owned privately, and represent an expenditure of about £2,500,000. Calculation has shown, too, that some 125,000 persons are employed in cinematograph theatres, their weekly wages probably reaching £250,000, or £13,000,000 per annum. Six years ago they cannot have numbered more than 1,000.

E. S. D. of Poetry.

My recent remarks on poetry as a marketable commodity have brought me an interesting paragraph, says a writer in Everyman, from which I learn that Mr. Alfred Noyes' visit to America was heralded by the announcement that he was the only man now living who relied upon verse-writing for a livelihood. Interviewed on the subject, Mr. Noyes confessed that he made a living out of verse, and added that he had not found it very difficult. This is a remarkable statement, and I suspect that many less fortunate versifiers will be trying to find out how it is done.

## HOW LLOYD'S STARTED

EDWARD LLOYD, WHO FOUNDED THE LLOYD'S COFFEE-HOUSE, BEGAN IN A COFFEE-HOUSE.

Edward Lloyd, who founded the Lloyd's Agency Whose Brokers Will Take a Risk on Anything, Was an Entertaining Restaurateur—Agents All Over the World To-day Report Every Move of Vessels.

In the history of business and commerce there is no more romantic chapter than that which concerns Lloyd's, that great organization of brokers and underwriters which conducts all the maritime insurance of the world, and is a constant reminder to speak, accept all sorts of freak insurance, against almost any conceivable risk—against the bad weather, earthquakes, or other fires, earthquakes, and what not.

Curious enough, these queer insurances have played an important part in the early history of Lloyd's, which was so named after Edward Lloyd, a man who kept in Tower Street, towards the close of the seventeenth century, a coffee-house which was the great meeting place at that time for persons interested in shipping and matters connected with shipping.

Lloyd was a man of great enterprise, and he was really the originator of the great system of maritime and commercial intelligence which has been so developed that to-day Lloyd's agents are to be found on every coast in the world. Day by day they report by electric cable and wireless telegraphy the passing or arrival of vessels in their particular corner of the globe, and it is thus that the world, through the medium of Lloyd's, is able to keep in touch with the movements of every ship. And in a number of great volumes kept at Lloyd's is daily entered the position of every British ship, or the date and place at which it was last spoken.

For the greater convenience of merchants meeting at his coffee-house, Lloyd founded, in 1696, a shipping paper, which he himself edited. When, however, he attempted to criticize in print the attitude of the House of Lords with regard to silks the paper was immediately suppressed, and was not allowed to be republished until thirty years later.

At the same time, however, Lloyd was often able to render the Government service, and he was the first to communicate the news of the capture of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon after the death of Admiral Hosier.

There is preserved at Lloyd's what is believed to be the oldest marine insurance policy in existence, dated January 20th, 1680. It was issued to Richard May "upon goods and merchandise, and also upon the good ship Golden Eldest, 250 tons (Gasper Hicks, master), from Lisbon to Venice, at the rate of four pounds per cent."

There was a clique which gathered at Lloyd's coffee-house, however, the members of which indulged in all forms of gambling, and it would appear that they shocked the more staid clients of Lloyd's, for these, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, migrated, and, leaving the coffee-house, removed their business to the Royal Exchange, where they established themselves as a society in 1774, in a building which stood on the site of the present institution.

As an illustration of the gambling in speculative insurance which was carried on at Lloyd's coffee-house, it might be mentioned that the lives of highwaymen who had fallen within the clutches of the law, or were likely to do so, were frequently insured. One insurance is still recorded of the possibilities of the execution of two Jacobite Scotch peers after the 1745 rebellion, at a premium of 1-1-2 per cent.; the life of John Wilkes was insured at a premium of 5 per cent.; that of Ald. Bond at 7 per cent. The return of Wilkes to Parliament was insured at premiums varying from five to fifty guineas, and his election for Middlesex at the premium of from twenty to seventy guineas. The chance of war with France was insured against at a premium of ten guineas, and a dissolution of Parliament at a premium of fifteen guineas. Travelers might insure their return from foreign countries at various rates. Henry, when going to Constantinople, insured his return for £1,250 on the payment of £450.

It has been truly observed that the country was greatly indebted to Lloyd's for the great service rendered during the wars which were almost continuous from 1775 to 1815; and incidentally these wars led to the development of Lloyd's, for they attracted marine insurance to England from all parts of the world. And some measure of the British success at sea was due to the patriotic zeal of underwriters in inspiring supplies that were brought to England. Otherwise it would have been impossible to bring commodities into the country.

Reference has been made to the system of maritime intelligence and the books in which the movements of all British vessels are posted day by day. Equally interesting, however, is the captains' register, which has aptly been described as the biographical dictionary of the whole of the certificated commanders of the British mercantile marine. In the register are entered the date and place of the worthy skipper's birth, the ships he has commanded at sea, the ships he has lost, and the record of his progress.

There is also another register, a confidential index of British ship-owners and the history of their ships, the number of shares laid by the owners, the trade of the ships during the year, the accidents which have befallen them, and other important information. If a firm loses ship after ship, if the entries "foundered," "wrecked," and "missing" appear in succession against the names of their vessels, there is a moral to be drawn by the broker and underwriter.



## Ezekiel's "Daughter"

Scientific Versus Common Sense Farming

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Perched on the rail fence and looking like an amiable scarecrow, Ezekiel Flinder nibbled a blade of grass and freely commented on the methods of his young neighbor.

"You ain't never going to make a farmer of yourself, Mr. Hartwell. Your head is too full of newfangled notions. P'taters is p'taters even if you call 'em 'tubers' or any other fancy name, and beans is beans and not legoombs even if the hysterical culture club does claim they belong to that family.

Ernest Hartwell grinned patiently as he listened to Ezekiel's evening lecture. Born and bred in the city, an inward craving for a country life had at last drawn him to the pretty village of Little River.

"You can't deny that Mrs. Flinder's baked beans are more delicious since she learned how to cook them at the domestic science club. You said yourself that?"

"Maybe so, maybe so," wailed Ezekiel airily. "Still, when it's all said and done with, whether she learns these notions at the minister's hysterical culture club or Miss Patty Dunn's dom-science science thingumbob, the beans she cooks is plain beans after all. I don't take no stock in theories or science or nothing but plain common sense."

"It must be a great satisfaction to feel that one can clip coupons from his stock of common sense," remarked Hartwell meekly as he hoed between his rows of corn.

Ezekiel scowled at him beneath his bushy brows. "You're laughing at me, Mr. Hartwell. I can tell it by that kink in your eye. Anybody ever tell you that you had a funny kink in your eye?"

Hartwell rested on his hoe and surveyed the farmer solemnly. "No, Mr. Flinder; no one ever broke the news to me. I've been told that I had the form of a bed slat, the face of a pirate and fussy hair like a doll, but I have always prided myself on my china blue eyes, and to be told that there is a kink in one of them is heart-breaking." He dug despondently at a bunch of wire grass.

Ezekiel spat reflectively and let himself down to the ground. "You're a mighty fresh young man, Mr. Hartwell," he chuckled, "but it's a good thing for you I ain't got a daughter."

"Why?" demanded Hartwell, surprised.

"Oh, because you'd be dead set to marry her, and I wouldn't listen to it a minute. It couldn't be thought of no ways." Ezekiel was chewing grass vigorously.

"Once more I repeat, why? What objection have you to me as a son-in-law?"

"First I'd say to her: 'Young lady, you shan't marry no sculptor feller. Pick out a good, plain farmer boy, and you shall have my consent and the blue glass lemonade set I drew at the raffle for a wedding present.'"

"I'm a plain farmer boy," urged Mr. Hartwell.

"First off, you're a sculptor. That's your trade and all you got to fall back on. There can't be no money in sculpting or else you wouldn't have come and tried chicken farming out of a book."

"I like farming. It is my recreation," objected the amateur agriculturist.

"It'll be your ruination," predicted Mr. Flinder, raising a horny finger. "Look at that corn!"

"Well, look at it!" agreed the plant-er proudly. "What's the matter with it, eh? See any taller corn hereabouts? See any thicker stalks? See any larger ears?"

"No, I don't see none of those things. All I can see is that there ain't one row planted straight. They're as zigzag as though a tipsy man had set 'em out," chuckled Ezekiel.

"That's done purposely. There's a scientific reason for planting 'em that way," hazarded Hartwell.

"Humph!" snorted Ezekiel testily, and for a little while he was silent, following Hartwell slowly down the row of corn. Then he said tentatively, "I ain't never seen none of your sculpting yet?"

"No?" queried Hartwell politely.

"Not so much as a wink at it. I've often told Maria when I see you going into that workshop of yours that I guess I'll run in and see what you're up to, but somehow it's sort of damp and chilly looking in there; leastways it must be if it's full of graven images."

"H'm!" observed the sculptor. Ezekiel looked disappointed. He was piqued at Hartwell for not offering to initiate him into the mysteries of his workshop.

"I reckon you feel kinder timid about showing 'em off, but I guess we can make allowances for your being a beginner. You needn't feel bashful about it. You might some day make a figger fit for the soldiers' monument we're going to have on the green, and it would be an advantage for Little River folks to know what you can do. We always encourage home talent," remarked Ezekiel magnanimously.

"Thank you; I'll think it over," said Ernest Hartwell modestly, shouldering his hoe. "I believe somebody is looking for you, Mr. Flinder."

Ezekiel wheeled sharply about to confront a pretty girl, dark haired, gray eyed, blue gown, with sun kissed cheeks and scarlet lips. "Well, Miss Christie, how in thunder do you do?" he bellowed, delightedly squeezing her hands.

"Very well, indeed, Mr. Flinder," she replied, with a provoking glance at Hartwell, who stood expectantly near. "I'm glad to see you looking so hale and hearty."

"What train did you come on? Consarn it all, I'd have met you if I'd known you was coming down today. Maria said yesterday that she'd got a letter from you, wanting to know could you get board down here another summer for you and your aunt. But I didn't know you was expected today."

"I couldn't wait another moment," laughed the girl. "Aunt Phoebe is coming tomorrow with all the trunks and things. I came down in the noon train, and the stage brought me to the house, but Nancy says Mrs. Flinder has gone to her ethical culture club. I came on down here looking for you."

"Well, here I be! Guess we might as well go along up to the house, Miss Christie." He led the way, intentionally ignoring the expectant embryo farmer. But Hartwell was equal to the emergency.

"Introduce me, please, Mr. Flinder," he said humbly, and Ezekiel smiled sourly and performed the ceremony that made the sculptor acquainted with Christine Davidson.

"Miss Christine is like a daughter to me, Mr. Hartwell," he said meaningly as the girl released her hand from Hartwell's clasp and turned away.

"And I am a plain farmer boy, and I'm good," murmured Hartwell obstinately.

"You're a sculptor and you'll starve to death some day," was Mr. Flinder's cheerful prognostication as he departed for his own side of the rail fence.

The next day he came once more to the rail fence and watched Hartwell raking the accumulated weeds he had uprooted the afternoon before. "Any time you say I'll bring Miss Christine over to see the sculpting, provided it's all proper. I told Miss Phoebe Davidson about you—that's Christine's aunt—and she said you might be worth investigating," he observed, watching Hartwell's face.

"The deuce she did!" ejaculated Hartwell, his face growing very red. "See here, Mr. Flinder; just keep all these ladies away from my place. Understand?" He looked quite fierce.

"Well, I'll be stumped!" ejaculated Ezekiel, backing off. "You confounded young puppy, you! I don't believe you dast show me none of your sculpting. I'll bet it's nothing but a mess of mud pies!"

"Would you really like to see some of my work?" asked Hartwell with outward seriousness, although there were all sorts of kinks in his blue eyes. He enjoyed his verbal skirmishes with his neighbor quite as much as Ezekiel did, and Ezekiel was secretly proud of the fact that a real sculptor lived cheek by jowl with him. His one lament was that he could not boast to his fellows that he had seen any of Hartwell's work.

"Yes, I'd admire to look at it. Mebbe I could tell you if it was good enough for the soldier's monument. I know something about art even if I don't belong to no hysterical culture clubs," grinned Ezekiel delightedly as he stumped down the path in the wake of the young man toward the bungalow.

In the long, low building which Hartwell used as his workshop they paused a moment, while the farmer gazed around at the several groups swathed under canvas coverings. "Smells damp in here," he said awkwardly as Hartwell removed the canvas from a large crouching lion modeled in clay.

"Lord love you, but he looks like he would bite!" exclaimed Ezekiel; then he scanned the young man suspiciously. "I scarcely believe you made that there critter. You don't look like you had it in you, meaning no offense."

Hartwell smiled and removed a wet cloth from a mass of modeling clay. "Seeing's believing," he said cheerfully and moved his fingers deftly, surely, and with lightning rapidity, picking up and laying aside a modeling tool, he brought before Ezekiel's amazed vision a startling picture in miniature.

Against a background of rough clay was a rail fence. Sitting on the rail fence, one cowhide boot swinging nonchalantly over his clasped hands, was Ezekiel Flinder himself, looking like an amiable scarecrow as he nibbled a blade of grass.

Ezekiel stared, open eyed, open mouthed, chagrined almost to tears. "By gummy!" he breathed heavily at last. "It's me!"

"It is, Mr. Flinder," smiled Hartwell. "Why, if Little River sees that I'll be the laughingstock from Upper Ford down to Stepping Stone! I believe in you, Mr. Hartwell," he said earnestly. "I don't want no more proof. You're as consarned a good sculptor as I want to see, only break the thing before anybody sees it."

"How about your daughter?" asked Hartwell, holding his hands above the wet clay model.

"If I had one I'd make her marry you, just to keep on good terms with you, Mr. Hartwell. Now, Miss Christie isn't my daughter, but I'll give you all the chances I can to—"

"You're too late, Mr. Flinder," interrupted Hartwell, the kinks coming into his eyes. "You see, I've been engaged to Christine Davidson for a year and we're going to be married next month, and we expect you to donate the blue glass lemonade set."

## NOBEL PRIZES.

Works That Win Them and the Way the Awards Are Made.

The Swedish scientist Alfred B. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, died in 1896, bequeathing his fortune, estimated at \$9,000,000, to the founding of a fund the interest of which should yearly be distributed to those who had mostly contributed to "the good of humanity." The interest is divided in five equal shares, given away:

"One to the person who in the domain of physics has made the most important discovery or invention, one to the person who has made the most important chemical discovery or invention, one to the person who has made the most important discovery in the domain of medicine or physiology, one to the person who in literature has provided the most excellent work of an idealistic tendency and one to the person who has worked most or best for the fraternization of nations and the abolition or reduction of standing armies and the calling in and propagating of peace congresses."

The prizes for physics and chemistry are awarded by the Swedish Academy of Science, that for physiology or medical work by the Carline Institute (the faculty of medicine in Stockholm), that for literature by the Swedish Academy in Stockholm, and the peace prize is awarded by a committee of five persons elected by the Norwegian storting.

In accordance with these statutes the awarders of the prizes (the four above named institutions) elect fifteen deputies for two consecutive years, the Academy of Science electing six and the other prize awarders three each.

These deputies elect for two consecutive years four members of the board of directors of the Nobel Institute, which board, exclusively consisting of Swedes, must reside in Stockholm. A fifth member, the president of the board, is nominated by the government.

The board of directors has in its care the funds of the institution and hands yearly over to the awarders of the prizes the amount to be given away. The value of each prize is on an average \$40,000. The distribution of the prizes takes place every year on Dec. 10, the anniversary of Mr. Nobel's death.—Philadelphia Press.

## AULD FOOLS' GAMBOL.

The Custom From Which All Fools' Day Takes Its Name.

Most people call April 1 all fools' day, whereas it should be auld—i. e., old fools' day. The appellation probably takes its origin from the following superstition:

In druidical times, between 10 and 12 o'clock on the night of April 1, it was customary for all those young women who dared to venture into a sacred grove and to take their stand one behind the other.

At the hooting of an owl they commenced slowly running round and round, to the accompaniment of such words as these:

Ban-ban, ban-ban,  
From berg, bach and ley,  
Leap high, leap low  
Come and run with me.

Thereupon, side by side with those of the girls destined to be married within the coming year, the phantom of a ban, or white man, appeared, and if any of the girls were going to die within the year a black man was seen.

Once while this ceremony was in progress the spirit of a very old, tottering white man put in an appearance and exhibited such emphatic attention to the girl he ran with that the other performers were much amused.

The object of their amusement was subsequently chaffed to such an extent by every one in the village that she fled from the neighborhood, marrying before the year was out a strange chieftain old enough to be her grandfather.

After this event the ceremony was ironically styled the "auld fools' gambol."—London Answers.

## Dead Sea Stillness.

The Dead sea is a vast lake about nine hours' ride from Jerusalem. The waters of the lake, save for an almost imperceptible ripple, are quite still and tolerably transparent, but salt and "bitter beyond bitterness" and so buoyant that one can float upon them like a cork, and to swim it is only necessary to move the hands. The surrounding scenery is dreary in the extreme and in parts singularly grand. But the stillness is oppressive and depressing, for there is no sound of animal life or song of bird ever heard on the lonely shores of the famous lake.

## Shelley and the Kiss.

The supreme laureate of the kiss is Shelley. The word is seldom absent from his shorter lyrics. Here is one stanza laden with kisses:

See the mountains kiss high heaven  
And the waves clasp one another,  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother,  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,  
What are all those kissings worth  
If thou kiss not me?

## As She Saw It.

The handsome hospital nurse who married an old wealthy man the other day was very happy in her reply to a friend who asked why she wedded such a fossil.

"I thought I might as well be engaged in nursing one old man as a dozen."—London Tit-Bits.

## An Opportunist.

"Pa, what is an opportunist?"  
"An opportunist, my boy, is a man who has done something worth while that everybody else imagines he could have done just as well if he hadn't been otherwise engaged when chance came along."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE TOMB OF JONAH.

Said to Be in a Mosque Adjoining the Site of Nineveh.

The site of Nineveh is almost perfectly level. But adjoining the western wall are two huge mounds concealing the palaces of the greatest kings of Assyria. The lower or southern mound is occupied by a mosque and a village of considerable size. Its name is Nebi Yunus, or the Prophet Jonah, for in the mosque is the tomb in which Jonah is said to have been buried. The age of the tomb is uncertain, yet probably it dates from long after the Hebrew prophet's time. However, the place is now sacred, so sacred that pilgrims visit it from afar.

I rode up the steep, narrow streets of the village to the mosque, and, to the amazement of the natives, I dismounted and entered the mosque yard. A crowd of excited men quickly surrounded me. To a priest I explained that I had come to see the grave of Jonah, and with a motion of the hand I made it understood that he would be rewarded. Removing my shoes I followed the priest through a dark passageway. There he pointed to a wall and said that the tomb was just beyond. I wished to enter the prayer room from which the tomb itself might be seen, but the place was considered far too sacred for my profane feet.

However, the few Christians who have been permitted to see the tomb may look only through a small window into a dark chamber in which a cloth covered mound is scarcely discernible. It is said that no Moslem ever will enter the inner shrine.—Christian Herald.

## A CITY OF CHANGE.

Ephesus, Once on the Seacoast, is Now Located Far Inland.

Sir William Ramsay characterizes Ephesus as the "City of Change." And truly it has seen marvelous changes and its inhabitants many removals. In the days of St. Paul and St. John Ephesus was a city of the seacoast; the waters of the Aegean lapped its busy wharves. Now the traveler to Ephesus can scarcely imagine that he is near the sea. To all appearances he is as far away as on one of our inland prairies. The Cayster during all these ages has brought down mud and silt from the mountains until now Ephesus is miles from the seashore. Even in St. John's time the port was kept open only by strenuous effort and constant dredging.

These changes wrought by nature have compelled frequent changes on the part of the inhabitants. The original city was built not far from Ayasoluk and "the whole Ephesian valley was an arm of the sea dotted with rocky islands and bordered by picturesque mountains and wooded promontories," we are told. As the sea receded in the course of the centuries the population moved with it until the Roman city, the city of St. Paul and St. John, was some miles from the original site. At last this port became impossible and the inhabitants moved further back, nearer to the site of the more ancient city, where today the few inhabitants that still remain are found.—Christian Herald.

## When England Needed Bread.

England was once on the verge of a bread famine. That was in 1800, when the wars with France combined with a succession of bad harvests to plunge the country into a state of general destitution. "A law was enacted," writes Mr. F. W. Hackwood, "prohibiting the sale of bread till it had been out of the oven at least twenty-four hours. Food was so scarce and dear that a portion of the population refused to starve in silence, and rioting broke out in many parts of England. The acts against 'forestalling and regrating'—that is, anticipating the markets so as to raise the price of foodstuffs—were rigorously enforced. A royal grant of £500 was made to one Thomas Toden, to enable him to prosecute a discovery made by him of a 'paste' as a substitute for wheat flour."—London Standard.

## Hedgepodge.

We are told that rest is a great beautifier—yet hoboes are not handsome.

From a school examination paper: Positive, much; comparative, not much; superlative, nothing.

On a bill of fare we read: "Deviled crabs a la diable"—which somehow reminded us of the man who ordered "a small demitasse of black cafe noir."

A southern paper prints this bright bit from a correspondent: "The difference between life and love is that life's just one darned thing after another and love's two darned things after one another."—Boston Transcript.

## He Loved His Teacher.

Teacher—Well, Tommy, can you tell me the meaning of "repent?"

Tommy—I don't know, sir.

Teacher—Well, suppose I stole a purse and got locked up; wouldn't I repent?

Tommy—No, sir. You'd be sorry they caught you.—London Tit-Bits.

## It Happened in Boston.

Visitor—Put me off at the next corner, please, conductor. Conductor—Madam, I shouldn't like to do that; but I will stop the car and help you get off.—Judge.

## Equally So.

Jack—I tell you when you get around the proposing point with a girl the suspense is awful. Tom—Well, and how about the expense?—Boston Transcript.

To be thrown upon one's resources is to be cast into the lap of fortune.—Benjamin Franklin.

## ATLANTIC LINERS' WIRELESS

The First Messages Are Sent Just Five Minutes After Sailing.

The first regular wireless message is sent out as the steamer slowly backs from her pier. It is timed just five minutes after sailing. The sharp crack of the sending apparatus is usually drowned by the roar of the whistle calling for a clear passage in mid-stream. All transatlantic steamers send to the wireless station at Sea Gate, while the coastwise steamers call up the station on top of one of the skyscrapers on lower Broadway.

This is merely a formal message, but no wireless log would be complete without it, writes Francis Arnold Collins in St. Nicholas. This first message is known as the "T. R." No one seems to know just why. The wireless station replies as briefly as possible, and the wireless operator shuts off.

Business soon picks up. Before the passengers are through waving farewells some one has usually remembered a forgotten errand ashore or decided to send a wireless (aerogram is the word), and visitors begin to look up the wireless station. It is usually a detached house on the uppermost or sun deck, just large enough for the mysterious looking apparatus and a bunk or two. Before the voyage is over most of the passengers will have become familiar with the station, for it is after all about the most interesting place aboard.

If no messages are filed for sending the operator picks up the shore station and clicks off the name of his ship—as, for instance, "Atlantis—nil here," meaning "nothing here." Should the operator have any messages to file he will add the number—for example, "Atlantis 3." The receiving station picks this up and replies quickly. If it has no message to send it will reply: "O. K. Nil here." Should there be any messages to deliver it will reply, "O. K. G." (Go ahead.)

All the way down the harbor the great ship is in constant communication, sending and receiving belated questions and answers. The passengers, who have been calling their farewells from the ship's side as the waters widen, are merely continuing their conversations with the shores now rapidly slipping past. Your message meanwhile will be delivered almost anywhere in the United States within an hour and in nearby cities in much less time.

## Lending a Couple of Miles.

"Three to Albany," said a club car passenger as he handed over a mileage book to the conductor and pointed to his two companions. The conductor ran his eye down the long strip and then turned about with the query:

"Who will give this man two miles?"

Half a dozen books were presented immediately, and the conductor tore off two miles from one of them while the man who had been short expressed his thanks.

"Yes, it's a kind of treating frequently practiced," said the conductor afterward. "It's the same as with a postage stamp. When you need the extra mile or two you need it bad, but there are few passengers who will accept the proffer of payment on the part of the man whose book has run out."—New York Sun.

## The Lion of Janina.

About a century ago London was threatened with a grisly show from Janina. The fame of Ali Pasha was considerable in England, enhanced by Byron's stanzas in "Childe Harold." So when the great Albanian had at last been murdered and his head was exhibited to the public at Constantinople on a dish a merchant of that city thought the head and dish would be a paying sight in London. We need not regret that a former confidential agent of Ali offered the executioner a higher price than the merchant had and obtained the head, with those of Ali's three sons and grandsons. He deposited them near one of the city gates with a tombstone and inscription.—London Spectator.

## Something Awful.

"Is your wife pretty fierce in the scolding line?" asked the new acquaintance who was trying to find out what particular kind of sympathy his friend most wanted.

"Fierce! Oh, it's something awful when she scolds."

"What does she say?"

"She doesn't say anything. She just shuts her mouth tight and looks at me."—Buffalo Express.

## Just a Suggestion.

A young lawyer appeared before a Washington judge with his umbrella under his arm and his hat on his head. The young man was so agitated that he forgot to put aside his umbrella or to remove his hat. He began speaking, when the court kindly suggested:

"Hadden't you better raise your umbrella?"—Exchange.

## Punishment.

"What's the matter, Hans?"

"Father caught me in the shed smoking his pipe."

"Ah! So you got a good whacking, I suppose?"

"No; father made me finish it out."—Fliegende Blätter.

## A Prescription.

"If you say your wife is a doctor why didn't you go to her for your cold?"

"Too expensive, doctor. Last time she ordered me six weeks in the Riviera and came with me herself."—Fliegende Blätter.

Great is the art of beginning, but greater is the art of ending.—Longfellow.

## LAST YEAR'S FROCK.

Easy to Remodel  
Foulard Costumes.



THE SLEEVELESS TUNIC.

Sleeveless tunics and draperies over skirts of contrasting fabric are now the height of fashion, and the thrifty woman is evolving a stunning new gown with three yards of plain fabric and her last season's foulard. This graceful frock has a sleeveless and draped tunic of silk voile in a lovely shade of rather dull green over a foundation of flowered silk in green, pink and brown tones.

## The Spring Bride.

Materials used for the bridal gown are the white fabrics of clinging variety. The most beautiful material for this use seen this season are not of extremely smooth finish, but are of soft lustrous texture and are well adapted to graceful lines of the present modes.

Among the most popular materials are white crepe tussore, plain and crape charmeuse, chiffon faille, canton crape, moire chiffon and brocade chiffon. All of the soft handmade laces and the finer of those made by machine are combined with chiffon as trimming or to form the bodice of the gown.

A new bow for the bridal slipper is a rosette of chiffon into which are caught natural orange blossoms. White rosettes are also used in these chiffon rosettes.

The duffy white bow of chiffon of chiffon and satin mixed is also in favor for the wedding slipper.

Rhinestone buckles may be used, but bows and rosettes are better choice.

## A Cracker Basket.

For the woman who loves a cup of tea in the afternoon and who also likes a small cookie or cheese cracker or some such tidbit to nibble while sipping her tea there is a new suggestion in the way of serving the wafers and cakes.

Often even a sandwich plate will be too small to hold as many crackers as are needed when three or four friends drop in for a cup of tea and gossip, and for this a flower basket, the style that is flat with a tall handle, generally used for the garden when picking flowers, is just the thing, for it holds a most surprising number of cakes, and in this way one can easily pass a large number of tidbits at one time without the least inconvenience, and for crackers decorated with jelly and cheese and such edibles as cannot be laid on top of each other this flat basket is unsurpassed.

## Elastic Corset Laces.

If corsets are laced with elastic instead of with the ordinary corset strings they will be found much more comfortable, as the elastic gives much more freedom to the body. Any woman knows that corsets cannot be dispensed with, masculine dress reformers to the contrary notwithstanding. It is not only a matter of beauty of form, but the corsets are an actual support, and without them a woman has an "all gone feeling." With the substitution of elastic for the usual corset laces all objectionable features to the corset are removed. It is no longer an "instrument of torture."

## Gay Frocks For Children.

The fashion for Bulgarian colorings is as popular as ever, and its conquest is complete as regards some little frocks for children suitable for the spring.

Made of fine crash, cut in the Magyar shape, the hem and sleeves bordered with scarlet, the front embroidered in bright colors and the whole finished with a scarlet woolen girdle and tassels, they are delightful as play frocks and will wash well.

Little Dutch bonnets of the same material and worked in the same tints are the prettiest adjuncts to these small frocks.



## MOBILES

How many refinements  
over 1912.

builders have

A car built for our none-to-good Canadian

ments.

The prices are moderate.

Careful comparison is invited with the higher priced cars and especially with cheap cars whose makers base their extravagant claims of present worth on what their cars have not, instead of what they have.

We also have some excellent values in rebuilt cars repainted and overhauled.

Call or write for price lists.

McLEOD BROS., Gleichen

## EYESIGHT

We have made arrangements with the Taube Optical Co., of Calgary and Vancouver, for their eye-sight specialist, Mr. S. L. Taube, who has had forty two years experience in the optical business, to be at our store on THURSDAY, JULY 17th.

If there is anything wrong with your eyesight, do not fail to consult him.

All work is guaranteed absolutely as tested.

## YATES DRUG STORE



### FORGING A GOOD SHOE

into proper shape is a trick that we thoroughly understand. If you'll bring your horse here you'll find that we carry our knowledge into active practice. Furthermore, we charge you only moderately for our materials, skill, experience and work.

J. H. RILEY  
Gleichen, - - Alberta

## The Town of Gleichen, Alberta

In the Matter of the Court of Confirmation of the Tax Enforcement Return of the Town of Gleichen.

TAKE NOTICE that His Honor, Judge Carpenter, Judge of the District Court of the District of Calgary has appointed Friday, the twenty-ninth (29) day of August, A. D. 1913, at the hour of 10.30 a. m., in the Court House at Calgary, for the holding of the Court of Confirmation to confirm the Tax Enforcement Return of the Town of Gleichen.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that the following are interested in

NAME	ADDRESS	LOT	BLOCK	ARREARS OF TAXES
Bell, Mrs. Elizabeth	Strathcona (St. Edmonton)	41-42	H	\$ 15.80
Cameron, D. L.	"	1-2	E	17.32
Campbell, J. R. P.O. Box 70.	West Summerland, B.C.	14-15	B	31.50
Griesbach, E.	Gleichen	21-33	1	81.00
Griesbach, E.	"	27-32	2	61.42
Griesbach, E.	"	19-21	6	94.50
Griesbach, E.	"	14-17	10	47.25
Griesbach, E.	"	7-12	22	37.80
Griesbach, E.	"	18-24	C	50.70
Griesbach, E.	"	1-20	11	158.02
Holme, G. S.	Innisfail	9-11	1	60.43
Higgins, A. C.	Field, B. C.	23-24	8	23.02
Institute, Young People's	Gleichen	4-7	M	71.40
Keesling, H.	"	15-17	20	10.08
Moss, Geo. Jr.	Gleichen	9-10	A	25.20
Miller, Mrs. E.	Strathmore	8	20	9.71
Mortimer, F. G. C.	Gleichen	10-11	G	17.32
Pilant, M. J.	Gleichen	31-35	1	23.62
Snowden, T.	Ouletville	6	4	78.75
Wakefield, Geo.	Calgary	25	3	46.93
Wishart, D. C.	Gleichen	21-24	3	162.63

Dated this Twelfth day of June, A. D. 1913

J. TAIT JOHNSTON,  
Secretary-Treasurer of the Town of Gleichen

A striking testimony to the value of irrigation in increasing the soil's natural productivity is to be found in the case of some alfalfa grown by J. H. Wade, a ditch-rider of Strathmore. He seeded a field which was partly irrigated, partly non-irrigated, and from the former he has just cut a sample which is 41 inches in height, against another which is only 21 inches in height, from the non-irrigated portion. All the field, it may be said, was seeded at the same time.

E. C. Rose and Peter Mattson passed through here Saturday en route to Carlstadt with some sixty horses, which they were driving through from Calgary.

Robert Rowe, of Rowe, Rowe & Rowe, is leaving today for Vulcan, where the firm has the contract for painting the C.P.R. demonstration farm buildings. They have the contracts for the C.P.R. buildings at various points in the province, and will be kept busy until fall. T. Davidson and Ernest Scott also are in the party.

## DRIVES ONTARIO BUTTER OUT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

New Zealand Sells Cheaper in Vancouver Than Ontario Does in Toronto—Interesting Comment of Trade Representative

The Toronto Globe and other advocates of reciprocity are being stripped of their former arguments by the trend of trade in a number of articles which were included in the proposed trade agreement of 1911. In its issue of January 15, the Globe displays the fact that New Zealand butter is selling cheaper in British Columbia than Ontario butter is selling in Toronto, and this with a duty on the New Zealand article. Those who opposed reciprocity can well afford to say "We told you so." With no duty on butter the imports would be greater than ever, and would find their way to the prairie provinces and eastern Canada thus displacing the home product. Here is The Globe's report:

"The best New Zealand creamery butter is selling in Vancouver, British Columbia, at from 34 to 36 cents per pound.

"The best Ontario creamery butter is selling in Toronto at from 35 to 40 cents per pound.

"In view of the fact that this is the

first year since Confederation in which practically no exports of Canadian butter have been made to Great Britain, and that Canada, once one of the principal sources of Britain's supplies, was compelled last year to go to the other end of the earth for supplies to feed her own people, the above observations, made to The Globe yesterday by Mr. J. Graham Gow, trade representative of the New Zealand Government, are of more than passing interest.

"Not only is New Zealand butter selling in Vancouver at the rate of three pounds for a dollar, which is much cheaper than Ontario butter is selling in Toronto, but it is accounted superior to Ontario butter, as indicated by higher price in the English market.

"Before the output of New Zealand churns was introduced to the people of British Columbia a year or two ago the sunset Province bought most of its butter in Ontario. Now Ontario dairymen cannot meet the prices of the New Zealanders in the British Columbia market, Mr. Gow said.

"When the New Zealand trade commissioner first went to Vancouver eighteen months ago the imports of butter from the antipodes amounted to 300,000 pounds. During 1912 they reached nearly 6,000,000 pounds."

## CANADA WAS THE DUMPING GROUND FOR UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS

General Manager Cantley of the Nova Scotia Steel Company on the Demand for More Adequate Duties

Just as agriculture is the basis of all industry so is iron and steel the foundation of most manufacturing enterprises. This makes the following statement by Mr. Thomas Cantley, general manager of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal company of great importance to all concerned in the industrial welfare of the country:

"The conditions incident to the steel business of Canada, during the first three-quarters of the year were unique. The demand for, and consumption of steel in connection with the railway and engineering work of the country were larger than ever before in our history. The iron, steel and engineering trades of Great Britain, Germany, and Belgium, were in a highly prosperous condition, and prices in those markets continued to advance throughout the whole of the year. In view of these conditions, it would be reasonable to suppose that very satisfactory prices would have been obtained by the Canadian steel producers. That such was not the case, was entirely due to the condition of trade in the United States, and the policy adopted by the steel manufacturers of that country, who, during the last half of the year, made desperate efforts to dispose of as large a proportion of their produce as possible, in Canada, quite irrespective of profit or even cost of production.

Sold at a sacrifice

"That Canada was thus utilized as the dumping market for the United States, is evident from the fact that of the entire export of pig-iron by the United States, during the past years, ninety per cent. of it was thrown into Canada, while an enormous tonnage of finished steel products was also disposed of in the same market, at prices in some instances more than twenty-five per cent. below the figures at which they were selling raw pig-iron in their own market five years previously. During the later summer months, there was some slackening up in the market for American mills to sell, and by October Canadian consumers, who had previously contracted in the United States, found it difficult to get deliveries of their material. Later, when they were willing to pay premiums of several dollars a ton, for prompt delivery, they found that even with this gift they were still unable to get material for

weeks after the contract-delivery period, with the result that a large amount of structural work was delayed, with consequent serious loss to the interests affected. Following these conditions, prices improved materially, and the last quarter of the year shows marked increases in all departments.

### Greatly Increased Demand

"The home demand for steel railway, construction, car building, structural and manufacturing purposes was very large, and a study of the trade reports shows that the consumption for the first half year was over thirty per cent. greater than for the corresponding period of 1911, while the home production of iron and steel was probably in the vicinity of from fifteen to seventeen per cent. greater than that of the previous year. When the final tonnage-statistics for the calendar year of 1912 are compiled, they will probably show that whereas the country's productive capacity increased at the rate of fifteen to twenty per cent. Canada's demands increased at a much greater ratio.

"In order that Canada's iron and steel producing capacity should more nearly keep pace with the consumption and requirements of the country, it is necessary that there should be at once a readjustment of the Canadian metal tariff. How inadequate the present tariff, conditions are to enable our domestic producers to meet their largely increased labor, assembly and distribution costs as compared with those of foreign competitors is abundantly evident from a very cursory examination of the question.

### On the Free List

"Recent quotations of foundry brands of Scotch and English pig-iron are as follows: Cleveland pig-iron, 68 to 69s; Sommerlee, 82s; Coltness, 96s 9. The present Canadian duties on these brands of pig-iron work out at less than 10 per cent., 8 per cent., and 7 per cent. respectively on the three brands named. In the case of steel billets and other forms of semi-finished steel, the conditions are even worse, recent quotations of mild steel billets being £6 10s a ton. The Canadian duty works out at about 9 per cent., while, in a few cases of the more highly finished rolling mill products supplied by the United Kingdom, the Continent, and the United States, the greatest amount of protection ranges about 20 per cent. While on another very important item, namely, wire-rods, which comprise a very material proportion of the entire output of the largest steel plant in Canada, no protection whatever is afforded, wire-rods being on the free list."

## THE BUSY STORE



The time of the Gem Jar has come around once more, bringing up the problem of

## ..Preserved Fruits..

While we sell enormous quantities of Jams, preserves, jellies, etc, nothing can touch the Home put up goods.

Gem Jars were scarce last season. To prevent a panic in this respect, we have stocked heavy. All that is necessary is to leave your orders for fruit with the Busy Store—anything required we can procure.

The season of each variety is short. Keep in touch with us, we can secure your wants. And our prices will meet any quotations.

Pure Cane Sugar does the rest. See

J. A. Ramsay

## McKie & Henderson



### YOUR HOUSE

should be insured. Only the man who fails to give this important subject the proper thought and deliberation fails to act. It is that man we want to reach with our arguments. We want you to appreciate the vital necessity of taking out a policy of fire insurance with us right NOW.

## REAL ESTATE

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance

## School Shoes



We will be very glad to show you a good line of shoes for your Boys' and Girls' school wear.

If in need of anything in Children's shoes, come and see the most complete stock in town.

## Take Advantage of our Adults' Shoe Stock

Ladies' Footwear—A Special House Slipper and shoes easy for the feet.

Dress Boots, Shoes and Pumps in Tan, Gunmetal and Patent.

Gents' Footwear—Special in Men's Heavy Working Boots.

Dress Boots and Shoes in Tan, Gunmetal and Patent.

"Don't forget that Our Grocery Stock is always fresh

THE GLEICHEN TRADING CO. LTD.  
GENERAL MERCHANTS

"I DO not know much about the tariff, but I do know this much: when we buy goods abroad, we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money; when we buy goods made at home, we get both the goods and the money."

—Abraham Lincoln